



ST. MEINRAD, INDIANA, U. S. A.

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THE GRAIL

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WITH EPISCOPAL APPROBATION

ST. MEINRAD, INDIANA, FEBRUARY, 1922

Official Organ of the INTERNATIONAL EUCHARISTIC LEAGUE UNDER THE GUIDANCE OF THE HOLY GHOST

THE INTERNATIONAL EUCHARISTIC LEAGUE Under the Guidance of the Holy Ghost FOR THE UNION OF CHRISTENDOM

Through the Holy Eucharist the League will endeavor to attain its threefold end, which is—

(1) Peace and union among the 264 million Catholics of all nations, of whom many are still bitter enemies, yet they all approach the same peace-bringing sacraments;

(2) The return to the true Faith of all our separated brethren, who number about 167 million Protestants and 118 million Greeks;

(3) The conversion of all non-Christians, pagans and heathens, at home and in foreign lands, who number about 987 millions.

Here is an opportunity for real mission work through the Holy Eucharist.

To attain the threefold end of the League two very simple practices are asked:

(1) To offer up each day for these intentions: all the Masses and Holy Communions of the whole world, which offering may be made in one's own words, or even in thought, or the formula given may be used;

(2) To offer up also for the same intentions: one Mass heard and one Holy Communion received—at least once a week (first degree), or once a month (second degree), or three times a year (third degree).

There are no fees, dues, or collections, yet to carry on the work of the League a small alms is expected at the time of admission.

Could there be a nobler object to pray for than that proposed by the League? What practice could be more simple and efficacious? The League imposes no new obligations on its members. It is truly an apostolic work, a great mission activity.

For membership apply to the director of the League, REV. BENEDICT BROWN, O. S. B., St. Meinrad, Indiana.

Catholic Lay Activity

We read of the great good being accomplished in England by the Catholic Evidence Guild, an organization of energetic Catholic laymen specially trained to lecture on the Church. These men go forth with ecclesiastical approval to address audiences on the streets or elsewhere in order to make clear the claims of the Church and to enlighten the ignorant as to her teachings. In London and Birmingham even priests and bishops have been listened to with respect and attention at these open air assemblies. The people in general are interested in the movement, men are set to thinking, a better feeling is created, and converts result. And these addresses are not without their good effect on Catholics too.

In a paper to the *Ave Maria*, Dec. 17, 1921, on "Something Laymen Might do," Denis A. McCarthy says of this movement that it "ought to appeal to zealous Catholic laymen here,—to laymen who would do it for the sake of Catholic truth alone, and who would have no ulterior motive in thus conspicuously identifying themselves with a work so meritorious.... But if the work succeeds in England, why not here? Delegates to the Franciscan Third Order Convention," which was held at Chicago early in October, "evidently had it in mind when they expressed themselves as 'believing that the Apostolate of the Laity should be extended to carrying the Catholic message of individual, family, economic and civil well-being, to the man in the street.'"

Catholic lay activity is likewise making a showing in various localities of our country. Georgia, for instance, has a model organization that is very efficient. But the movement is not yet general, although efforts in that direction are developing. At Pittsburgh, Pa., two laymen have for some months past been inserting paid advertisements in the daily papers of their city to enlighten the public by calling attention each day to some doctrine or practice of the Church. Let the following, of October 28, serve as illustration:

Catholics and Bible

Catholics believe the ordinary method of propagating Christianity is by **PREACHING**, not by reading or circulating the Bible. See Mark 16, 15. "Go ye in to all the world and **PREACH** the gospel to every creature." **PRINTING WAS NOT INVENTED UNTIL THE 15th CENTURY.**

THE WORD "VOLTS" COMES FROM VOLTA, THE GREAT CATHOLIC ELECTRICIAN

These advertisements are inserted daily and paid for by two native Pittsburgh Catholic business men who believe in their religion.

This method of giving the public at large Catholic doctrine in small doses will undoubtedly be productive of much good. Such fragments will be read and pondered by multitudes outside the Church who would probably never take the time to read a treatise on Catholic doctrine. The efforts of these two practical Catholic business men of Pittsburgh is, therefore, commendable. If this propaganda could be carried on successfully everywhere, the Church would surely be better understood by non-Catholics, of whom many, through prejudice resulting from gross ignorance, are bitterly opposed to her beneficent influence.

Referring to publicity, Mr. McCarthy, whom we quoted above, says: "The explaining and maintaining of the Catholic position in the daily press should not be neglected, either. There is scarcely a newspaper in the land wherein one can make a slighting allusion to Christian Science without receiving some communication from an authorized Christian Science teacher or leader, setting forth the Christian Science side of whatever matter may be under discussion. The communication is always courteous and often kindly, but none the less firm in the attitude it takes.

"In work of this kind Catholics are very much lacking. It is true that one will find quite frequently, from Catholics, corrections and criticisms of something or other objectionable in the daily press; but they are not always marked by that sweetness and suavity of expression which is calculated to give a favorable impression of the writers' good will or good manners, or, what is much more important, to win anyone to the cause the writers represent.

"Answering attacks upon, or misstatements about, the Church, or things connected therewith, needs trained minds and pens just as much as does the making of addresses in public on Catholic subjects. It requires poise, good will, and the ability to see things from the non-Catholic as well as from the Catholic point of view. Editors would find no objection to letters of this kind, although they are naturally averse to letters which tend to stir up religious controversy. My experience with the better kind of editors is that they are keen to scent and quick to shut from their papers what looks like paid propaganda, but quite ready to welcome to print what has a legitimate news interest, and which is at the same time well-considered, well-written, and good-tempered."

Unspeakable Distress

Who of us can picture to himself the distress, dire need, and wretchedness that have followed in the wake of a cruel war? Words are too weak to convey to our minds conditions as they actually exist. In the hope that he might move American Catholics to still greater generosity in behalf of the sufferers of Europe, an eyewitness vouches for the following facts which he relates. He says that in Germany alone there are 70,000 sisters in charge of institutions that give shelter to half a million sick men, women, and children—cripples, deaf and dumb, blind, defectives, and orphans—and that they are confronted with the necessity of forsaking their mission of mercy unless they receive help from some quarter. Moreover, all the hospitals, homes, asylums, reformatories, kindergartens, and refuges have been reduced to a condition of the most serious distress, and it is not saying too much to declare that they are now battling for existence. If the nuns should be compelled to quit their posts in these institutions, it would be a calamitous loss to thousands of unfortunates.

Food and all the other necessities of life at present cost from ten to twenty times more than heretofore, while the revenues of these charitable institutions have increased scarcely fivefold. Consequently the poor nuns and their charges are actually exposed to hunger and death from starvation. In fact, the number of deaths among the nuns in 1920 was fifty times greater than in any previous year. Such is the heroism of these good nuns who starve and die while struggling to succor others. Of 160 nuns in a Bavarian convent only two are really well, while seventy are ill. On an average two sisters die each month. They do not know where to get food. The deficit has reached an aggregate of 90,000 marks. None of these institutions is able to pay from 15,000 to 20,000 marks for two hundred pounds of potatoes. And where is their daily bread to come from? For many months in one orphan asylum there has been one day in every week on which there was no bread at all, and there was only one potato for each sister. Under such conditions these Catholic institutions will have to cease to exist unless help comes quickly.

The correspondent who relates these facts says that he found these conditions true in all the monasteries that he had been able to visit in recent months in Cologne, Berlin, Aix-la-Chapelle, Potsdam, Remscheid—everywhere. Help is absolutely necessary. If they only had potatoes they might keep from starving, but even this commonest of vegetables is beyond the means of the poor. And yet millions are spent each day for pleasure, plays, and sports, and Catholics permit such things without offering the least help. Catholics must find a way to save the nuns and the inmates of the convents and asylums.—God loveth a cheerful giver, say the Scriptures.

So long as the Jews upheld the arms of Moses in
(Concluded on page 312)

The Janitor's Perplexity

ANSELM SCHAAF, O. S. B.

"I CAN'T understand it! It's all wrong! It's all a mistake!" mused James Tong, the perplexed janitor, as with an occasional wild gesture he went about his work.

"Well, well, Jim," exclaimed Father Gilbert who had been a silent observer of these antics until he could no longer contain his wonderment, "who is your opponent?"

"Opponent? Opponent nothing! Why that prayer book that you gave me is wrong."

"Wrong! Are the pages upside down? Or must you begin at the back of the book as the Hebrews do?"

"Ah, father, you are joshing me now. No book begins at the back."

"You're mistaken, Jim. When the Hebrews want to read their bible they have to begin at the last page, commence at the opposite end of the line and read from right to left."

"That would be a huge joke, Father, if it were not such a plain contradiction."

"And yet it is no contradiction, for that is just the way that they read. Any student of Hebrew will tell you the same. If you are not convinced, you might ask 'Ikey' Cohen at the clothing store, or Johnny Segnor when he returns from the seminary."

"I'll not lose any sleep over the Hebrew books, Father, but that mistake is something like a heresy."

"Heresy, Jim?"

"Yes, something like it. There it is in cold type: 'Our Lady of the Blessed Sacrament, pray for us.' Now you know, Father, there is no lady in the Blessed Sacrament."

"Look here, Jim. What you say is true enough, but were I not so firmly convinced of your piety and sincerity, I should accuse you of irreverence."

"Irreverence! Where is the irreverence?"

"Yes, every undue objection raised against the Blessed Virgin implies a lack of reverence."

"But I said nothing about the Blessed Virgin!"

"Our Lady of the Blessed Sacrament is none other than the Blessed Virgin."

"May the Holy Mother of God forgive my rashness, but it's all a puzzle to me."

"Well, isn't Mary the mother of the Blessed Sacrament? It is true she is not the mother of the Sacred Host, but she is the mother of that Jesus who has clothed Himself in the Sacred Species. When she pronounced her momentous fiat in the words: 'Be it done to me according to thy word,' did she not become the living tabernacle of the same Lord who now makes His abode on the altar?"

"She surely did, but—"

"Now listen further. You cannot separate the Mother from the Son. Hence it is that we always find twin devotions: beside the *Ecce Homo* (behold the man), the thorn-crowned Son, we have the *Mater Dolorosa*, the Sorrowful Mother; the sacred name of Jesus is linked with that of Mary; devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus is followed by that to the loving heart of Mary. So also when the Eucharistic movement received a new impulse, the inventiveness of Mary's children found for her a new title and devised for her a corresponding devotion. It was the great Eucharistic Pope Pius X whose motto, 'To restore all things in Christ,' was to be realized with the aid of the Eucharist, that gave his approbation to both title and devotion to 'Our Lady of the Blessed Sacrament.'"

"That's just what Protestants say about us, that we are always placing the Blessed Virgin on a level with Christ."



Our Lady of the Blessed Sacrament

"What have you been reading, Jim?" inquired the priest suppressing his resentment. "There is no ground whatever on the part of our enemies for such an accusation. When I spoke of twin devotions I was far from insinuating that the creature is the equal of the Creator, but that Mary follows her Divine Son as closely as any creature can follow God. This fact becomes all the more evident when we reflect on the plan of the redemption of mankind. Christ's redeeming work consisted not only in paying to His heavenly Father a worthy price for our deliverance but also in providing the means for its application to us. Now Mary shared in the work of the Redemption, in the Passion, and she is also instrumental in communicating to us their fruits in the form of graces. The saints call her the dispenser of graces, for no grace is given to us except through the hands of Mary. The channels of grace are chiefly the sacraments that stream from their fountain-head, the Eucharist. Therefore, Mary has, in her own way, jurisdiction over the Eucharist. Hence, she is rightly called upon and venerated as 'Our Lady of the Blessed Sacrament.'"

"I now see that when it is properly understood, there can be no objection to the invocation."

"She is justified, too, in bearing this title on the ground of her own devotion and dedication to the Eucharist. It is true that we know little if anything about Mary's life on earth after the ascension of her Divine Son. Christian piety, however, guided by faith, may be permitted to raise the curtain a bit that veils her hidden life. This period, no doubt, was truly Eucharistic. She had been entrusted to St. John, who should be her chaplain and enable her to attend the Sacred Mysteries of the Mass, to participate in their fruit by daily Communion, and to abide well nigh continually in the Eucharistic presence. Yes, she lived upon the Eucharist. Her sentiments for Jesus in the Eucharist were the same, if not more tender, than they were for Him as infant in the crib."

"I wonder if there are any instances in our day that show this tenderness of Mary for the Holy Eucharist."

"To be sure. The great demonstrations that take place at Lourdes and at other places of pilgrimage are unmistakable proofs of it. This good Mother invites the afflicted children of men to her shrines and then takes them by the hand, as it were, and leads them to her Divine Son in the Eucharist. 'The devotion of the faithful towards the most August Sacrament,' wrote Pope Leo XIII in 1889, 'is taking wonderful developments at Lourdes and is revealing itself in solemn processions and in the mar-

vellous frequency of Communion.' These magnificent processions of the Most Blessed Sacrament seem to have become the climax of the pilgrimage. Moreover, whilst the miracles wrought prior to 1888 were more of a private character, since then they have been taking place publicly on the occasion of the Eucharistic celebrations. Thus the Eucharist is again glorified through Mary. Her commission to Bernadette was: 'Go, tell the priests to build a church on this spot.' Why a church? Because she desired a throne for her divine Son in the Eucharist."

"Although it seems very appropriate, devotion to Our Lady of the Blessed Sacrament seems not to be generally known. At least I never heard of it before."

"The saintly Father Peter Eymard, who founded the Congregation of the Blessed Sacrament, gave Mary this title. As he died in 1868, you see that the devotion is quite recent. So great was his love for Mary the Mother of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament that he pledged his spiritual sons to make use of the invocation: 'Our Lady of the Most Blessed Sacrament, mother and model of adorers, pray for us who have recourse to thee.'"

"The Church must approve of this devotion otherwise it would not be found in our prayer books."

"Quite true. She has placed the seal of her approval on the very ejaculation that you were finding fault with a little while ago. She has, in fact, enriched with indulgences two prayers that she recommends to our use. On Jan. 10, 1906, Pius X granted for the invocation, 'Our Lady of the Most Holy Sacrament, pray for us,' an indulgence of 300 days each time that the faithful repeat it before the Blessed Sacrament when exposed. A year later, on Jan. 23, he granted another indulgence of 300 days each time for saying the beautiful prayer, 'O Virgin Mary, our Lady of the Blessed Sacrament, glory of the Christian people, joy of the universal Church, salvation of the world; pray for us and awaken in all the faithful devotion to the Holy Eucharist in order that they may render themselves worthy to receive it daily.'"

"May Our Lady of the Blessed Sacrament forgive my rashness. I did not mean to be irreverent or disrespectful."

"Well, she knows that it was not malice but just your ignorance that prompted you to speak so hastily. Now since the scales have fallen from your eyes be sure to make frequent use of the ejaculation that was so objectionable to you before. Often say the other prayer, too, that Mary may awaken in you deeper devotion
(Concluded on page 312)

Like Unto a Dove

LAMBERT ENSLINGER, O. S. B.

IF one were to analyse the impression that is made upon him by the careful reading of the Saints, he would probably find that the predominant thought is admiration of these heroes of God. And if that thought were given expression, it might be summed up in the words of the psalmist: "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints." How true this is, may be seen from the liturgy of Holy Mother Church who puts these words of the one hundred and fifteenth psalm on the lips of her priests immediately after the daily reading of the Martyrology, which contains the official list of the saints for each day of the year. Where the Divine Office is recited in choir, the Martyrology is sung during Prime. "To a devout listener," says Dom Louismet, O. S. B., "the Martyrology seems to diffuse at the same time an inebriating perfume and a triumphant music. Day after day, from its crisp notices of mysteries and martyrs, and all other species of saints, there is, so to say, shaken out a mingled perfume as of warm fresh bread from the oven, of ripe apples long garnered in a closed room, of generous wine poured out in torrents with the blood of the martyrs, of incense burnt over the glowing coals, of sheaves of lilies and of all paradisaic flowers of sanctity which have bloomed awhile upon this earth of ours and have been gathered by the blessed Angels."

The first name on the list of saints in the Benedictine Martyrology for February the tenth is that of St. Scholastica. "Near Monte Cassino," so reads the text, (the feast) "of St. Scholastica, Virgin, sister of our Holy Father St. Benedict, who saw her soul as in the form of a dove it left her body and ascended to heaven." Precious, indeed, in the sight of the Lord was the death of this Saint whose pure soul appeared thus to her sainted brother. To her were spoken the words of the Heavenly Bridegroom: "Come, my spouse, my love, my dove."

Little is known of the life of St. Scholastica except the meager details that St. Gregory the Great has recorded. She, the twin sister of St. Benedict, was born about the year 480. Benedict and Scholastica, who were then of the same age, must have turned their thoughts simultaneously to God from Whom they came. In his brief sketch of St. Benedict, St. Gregory the Great says that Scholastica dedicated herself from her infancy to God, but he gives no further details of her life. From the context, however, we may take it for granted that Scholastica became a nun and the spiritual mother of

many virgins who consecrated themselves to the service of God. She did not follow her brother into the solitude of Subiaco, but when he built himself a home on the summit of Monte Cassino, seventy miles southeast of Rome, she took up her abode in the bosom of the peaceful valley below, where she built the convent of Plumbariola. There, under his guidance, she lived with other virgins until her happy death in 543. Countless spouses of Christ, who in centuries past have worn the habit of St. Benedict, and the many sons and daughters of the present who look up to him as their Holy Father, love and venerate St. Scholastica as their Holy Mother.

St. Scholastica's earthly pilgrimage was not short and yet it has left us but the history of a dove, which, by its flight to heaven, informed St. Benedict that his sister had reached the eternal home before him. We have to thank St. Gregory for even this much which he tells as the sequel of the holy dispute she had with St. Benedict three days previous to her death. St. Gregory describes this latter incident with a simplicity so sweet, touching, and true to human nature that it is worth the while to repeat his words.

"His (St. Benedict's) sister, who was called Scholastica, dedicated to God from her infancy, was accustomed once a year to come to him; the man of God came to meet her in a place belonging to the monastery, not far from its gates. One day Scholastica went there, according to her custom, and the venerable man came down, with his disciples, to meet her; they passed the whole day in the praises of God and spiritual colloquies, and, as night was now drawing on they supped together. As they were at table, engaged in conversation, and it was growing late, the holy nun began to entreat him, saying: 'I pray thee, do not leave me tonight; let us remain here till morning, discoursing of the joys of the heavenly life.' To whom he answered: 'What is it thou sayest, my sister? I cannot by any means remain outside the monastery.' The sky was so clear, that not a cloud was to be seen. The holy nun, hearing her brother's refusal, placed her joined hands on the table, and laying her head upon them she prayed to Almighty God. When she lifted her head from the table, there was such terrible thunder and lightning, and such a deluge of rain, that neither the venerable Father, nor the brethren that were with him, could move a step outside the place where they

sat. For the holy virgin, bending down her head upon her hands, had shed a flood of tears upon the table, and thereby changed the serenity of the heavens into rain. . . . Then the man of God, seeing that he could not set out to the monastery amidst the thunder, lightning, and rain, began to make sorrowful complaints, saying: 'May the Almighty God forgive thee, sister; what hast thou done?' She answered him: 'Behold, I made a request of thee, and thou wouldst not hear me: I besought the Lord and He listened to me. Now, therefore,' she good-naturedly teased, "'go forth, if thou art able; and leaving me, return to thy monastery.' But he, not able to go out of the house, remained unwillingly on the spot where he would not willingly abide. Thus it came to pass that they kept vigil all night, and satisfied each other to the full with mutual discourse on heavenly things."

One may wonder why St. Scholastica so persistently resisted the will of her brother whom she revered as her master and guide. Surely, she must have been illumined by grace which told her that what she asked for was a higher good than St. Benedict's unflinching fidelity to the rule which he had written and which it was his duty to teach by his own observance. The reason why Scholastica wished to prolong through the whole night those sweet colloquies, was the foreknowledge of her approaching end.

As the day dawned, St. Benedict returned with his disciples to his monastery and St. Scholastica went back to hers. A few days later as the man of God was standing in his cell, at the window which looked westward, in vision he saw the soul of his sister like unto a dove taking its flight up to heaven. As if participating in her glory and full of joy he poured his soul forth in hymns and thanksgivings to God. Then, calling the brethren together, he made the death known to them, and, without delay, despatched some who should take possession of the virginal body and bring it to him. Knowing that he should soon join her in heaven, and having already prepared his own tomb, he placed the body of his sister therein. Thus it came to pass, as St. Gregory remarks, that these two, who had only one soul in God whilst on earth, were not separated in the tomb.

Like unto a dove St. Scholastica's soul was seen to take its flight heavenward at the moment of her death; like unto a dove, therefore, pure and meek, must have been her life. "*Sic vita, mors ita*"—As one lives, so shall he die.

The inspired writers of Holy Scripture often make use of the symbol of the dove. The royal prophet, David, likens his soul in prayer to a

dove that would fly to God, its eternal rest. The Canticle of Canticles compares the spouse of the heavenly Bridegroom to a dove. Our blessed Lord used the same simile when He said to His Apostles: "Be ye wise as serpents and simple as doves." Nay more, the Holy Ghost deigned to appear in the form of a dove when Christ was baptized in the river Jordan. Theologians and mystical writers do not quite agree as to the reason why the Holy Spirit took this form. Some say, to represent the fecundity of grace, the dove being prolific in her offspring; others, Holy Wisdom, because the Spirit of truth and understanding was thus seen whispering into the ears of St. Basil and St. Gregory. And again, since the Holy Ghost, the third person of the Blessed Trinity, is the personal love that exists between the Father and the Son, we may aptly consider the symbol of the dove to mean a deep, personal love for Almighty God. When, therefore, the soul of St. Scholastica appeared as a dove winging its flight to heaven, God wished to show how pure her love for Him was. St. Gregory hints at this when he explains why St. Scholastica's prayer was heard when she asked God to lengthen her brother's last visit: "It is not to be wondered at," he says, "that the sister who wished to prolong her brother's stay should have prevailed over him; for, whereas St. John tells us that God is charity, it happened by a most just judgment that she that had the greater love had the greater power."

To love God, simply means to do His will, to turn to Him, the Son of Justice, as the heliotrope turns towards the sun of creation. How faithfully St. Scholastica did the will of God is told in one of the responsories of the Office of her feast: "Being from her infancy consecrated to Almighty God she never left the path of righteousness." This is the first and greatest commandment: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God," but the second is like unto this: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

St. Scholastica's life, symbolized by the dove, also shows her love for her fellowmen. "By this," said Jesus, "shall all men know that you are my disciples, if you have love one for another." Christ laid down the principle of fraternal charity in these words: "Learn of Me, for I am meek and humble of heart." When Christ says: "Be ye simple as doves," He gives us some idea of His meekness, just as, when He alludes to the mother hen protecting her chicks, He gives us a picture of His love. Like unto a dove, simple and meek, was St. Scholastica. But meekness and fraternal charity go hand in hand, for "charity is not provoked to anger," charity is meek.

The fulfillment of the two great commandments, the love of God and the love of her neighbor, were the two wings by which St. Scholastica's soul took its flight heavenward. Like unto the dove that found naught on earth whereon to rest its feet, her pure soul went forth from the ark of her body bearing the olive branch of peace, peace with God, peace with her neighbor, peace with herself—Benedictine Peace.

The Church and her Members Inheriting from Christ the Privilege of Suffering for Him

REV. ALBERT MUNTSCHE, S. J.

DESPITE the manifold benefits conferred by Christ upon the people among whom He lived His portion was ingratitude, pain and persecution. The lot of His Apostles was not more fortunate. They too suffered ignominy, imprisonment, stripes and death. With all their ardent zeal to preach the doctrine of Christ they met very frequently with only half-hearted response, and were driven from the cities and synagogues as disturbers of the peace.

Many of the early Christians were seized by the enemies of their faith and dragged before the judgment seat of the tyrant. Saul had threatened to stamp out every vestige of the teaching of the Nazarene. He vowed to seize not only the faithful in Jerusalem but to extend his dreadful work as far as Damascus and take captive all Christians in the name of the high priest.

St. Stephen soon felt the terrible reality of this grim resolve of Saul. For Stephen was stoned to death for the sake of the Divine Master and became the first martyr of Christ's Kingdom. Then fell James, the son of Zebedee, while Peter himself escaped death only through the help of an angel. The other apostles were hunted by the enemies of the cross and threatened with death were they to continue to preach the doctrine of Him who called Himself the Son of God.

Strange destiny recorded by history! Hardly had Saul become Paul, hardly had the fiery persecutor of Christ's flock become the ardent lover of His cross, when he too was marked out for prison and persecution! He was thrown into the dungeon of Caesarea and Rome. It was only the special protection of Divine Providence that saved Him from death.

So through all the ages has the Church of Christ been the object of persecution. Her

people have sometimes suffered as much as the spiritual rulers of the flock. But this is not a disgrace for the members of the Church, it is their great privilege. The Church and the Apostles have received a kingly inheritance from the Lord Christ. And this inheritance is stamped with the seal of Christ's holy Cross. If He suffered, we too must be ready to accept pain and opprobrium for a holy cause.

In his Second Epistle to Timothy St. Paul had foretold that "all that will live gladly in Christ Jesus, shall suffer persecution." History has verified the prophecy. The cause of this persecution, though sometimes concealed, was always the same—hatred of Christ and His holy work.

But there is a most consoling aspect of this fact of history. It is this—through opposition and trial the Church proceeded to victory. The saying, "per crucem ad lucem," through the cross to the reward of glory, is never so true as when studied in the light of the history of the Church of God. Frequently the enemies of the name of Christ plotted their own ruin by their machinations against those who would not deny His name. And so it will remain to the end of time. The leagues of error and falsehood, the hosts of evil may have their little day, but in the end they are vanquished through the power of the Lord.

It may perhaps remain a mystery for human minds, but for the Church and her faithful children there is no other sign in which they may conquer than the sign of the Cross. And this is our great duty, but also our holy privilege.

The Blessed Sacrament is the Queen of Sacraments. No others can compare with it; for while the others bring us the precious gifts of Jesus, this brings us what is unspeakably more precious, Jesus, God and Man, Himself.—Faber.

Candlemas

HILARY DEJEAN, O. S. B.

How vast is the world! Unnumbered its paths—

Life's paths both narrow and wide.

Darksome and dreadful is every turn

Where danger and ruin hide.

A light has now gleamed to guide us on—

Bright candle! 'Tis Christ our Guide;

And left He His faithful to live and shine

On and on since He has died.

O candles of Christ, cast far your rays

'Mid sorrow and gloom, burn on!

The darkness of sin o'ershadows all.

O candles of Christ, burn on!

A Visit to St. Meinrad's Abbey

THOMAS AUGUSTINE DWYER

BEN JONSON once said that he could never think of a Benedictine Abbey without kneeling, in spirit, to kiss its pavement. In the feverish rush of this modern world, monasteries are as refreshing to the soul, as is a fresh breeze from the sea, on a hot day to the body. Few monasteries have clinging to them the monastic air that clings to the well known Abbey of St. Meinrad in southern Indiana. One of the charms about it is its remoteness from the world and all that savors of the world. The cross crowned spires on the Abbey Church seem to tell the approaching traveler, that the only aspiration here, is an aspiration, for a life hidden in Christ. One is not long within the Abbey walls before he feels, in the very air, the possibilities and the condition of the higher life—it is the untainted air of God's presence.

It is only natural, after meeting the venerable Father Abbot and the guest master—one asks to see the interior of the great Abbey Church. A sense of vastness comes over one when he enters it for the first time. Its walls rise like the sides of a steep mountain, and in the sanctuary and aisles there is the pervasive hush of deep mystery—the Mystery of the tabernacle. In the distance one sees the glimmering taper and kneels in adoring reverence. The dominant characteristic of this Abbey Church, I would say, is spirituality. There seems to be a heavenly harmony in the architecture. The high altar is a work of exquisite art. One cannot come under the influence of the Abbey Church of St. Meinrad without inwardly shrinking from whatever is sensual. While there is majesty in the mighty walls and lofty vaulted roof, there are also a repose and a peace which lift the soul above the storm clouds and blinding dust of earth, to where it breathes the atmosphere of heaven. The sanctuary, with the Abbot's throne and choir stalls has a celestial loveliness about it, that exerts a subduing and refining influence on the senses. A sense of reverence and thankfulness is awakened. From the sanctuary, look down the long nave and the correspondence between architecture and religious faith is at once discernible. It is the House of God, not because it is dedicated to His worship, but because He dwells there really and truly under the sacramental veil.

Within the Abbey one sees the Rule of St. Benedict exemplified in the life of the monks. It was Gladstone who called that rule the "epitome of civilization" and the history of the Benedictine Order he called "the history of civ-

ilization." I like Gladstone for saying that for from my early years St. Benedict has lived in my mind as the mightiest and most heavenly leader of the champions of the soul. Here at St. Meinrad one sees the fourth century touching the twentieth. The same life is lived here today as was lived in Subiaco and Monte Cassino centuries ago. Every monk in the cloister is a distinct and interesting study. Though in name and rule the monks belong to the far distant past, yet as educators and trainers of youth, they are alive to all the progress time has made in the science of education and in the moral and spiritual training of youth. This accounts for the fact that they have encircled the globe. Their colleges and seminaries are scattered over this great continent dotting the landscape, here and there, like so many radiating points of knowledge. Their abbeys may be fittingly called the abodes of the fine arts. Here is a father who devotes his time to music, another to literature, another to painting, another to architecture, and still another to science, philosophy and theology. Of Alcuin, one of these Benedictine monks, the friend and counsellor of Charlemagne, Guizot says: "He is a monk, a deacon, the light of the contemporaneous church; but he is at the same time, a scholar, a classical man of letters." What Guizot saw in the monk of his day one can see here among the monks of St. Meinrad.

Not only were the sciences and arts taught in the Benedictine monasteries of the Middle Age but the trades and handicrafts were all cultivated and mastered and today at St. Meinrad's one sees almost every trade represented in the great company of lay brothers. Indeed the great church itself is the work of their hands. Carpenters, shoemakers, tailors, farmers, blacksmiths, cabinet makers, all are here. The farm is well tilled. The harvest yield provides for the temporal necessities of the large community of fathers, brothers, and students. That same air of peace one feels in the corridors and cloisters of the monastery, one can feel also in the workshops and barns. Even the cattle have a peaceful look as they lie about in their wakeful dreams.

Hallowed, indeed, are the influences that bless the spot. You look from your window and you see an aged lay brother, making his way along the paved walk, to the Abbey Church or to give what assistance his feeble hands can give to some abler brother in the work of the monastery. Through all the years he has fol-

lowed in the footsteps of St. Benedict. His age worn face is radiant with the light that burns within his soul. With calm spirit he awaits his end, fortified by the faith that overcomes the world.

The early monks of St. Meinrad in choosing this spot for college and monastery did not act without wisdom. The Sons of St. Benedict have had from their foundation, an eye to the beauties of nature. It is because they look from nature up to nature's God. The master poet tells us that if the heart is right we shall see tongues in trees, sermons in stones, books in the running brooks, and good in everything. How often while a guest at Monte Cassino, the cradle of the Order, have I stood at my window and looked out on the dreaming hills and rich valleys which stretch far away to dip themselves in the blue waters of the Bay of Naples. When I climbed the heights of Subiaco I felt moved to kneel, so great was the religious power in the scenes of nature about me. To me the view from the heights of Subiaco is the very climax of romance. While St. Meinrad's cannot be compared to these in sublimity of scenery, yet it has a beauty and a charm all its own. It is far removed from the world and the distractions of the world. Few sounds break in upon its stillness. There is something in the very atmosphere that invites to prayer and study. The long winding corridors, the wide staircases, the worn steps leading to the cloister, all speak the spirit of St. Benedict. So remarkable has been the growth of St. Meinrad's, the fathers have found it necessary to build a new

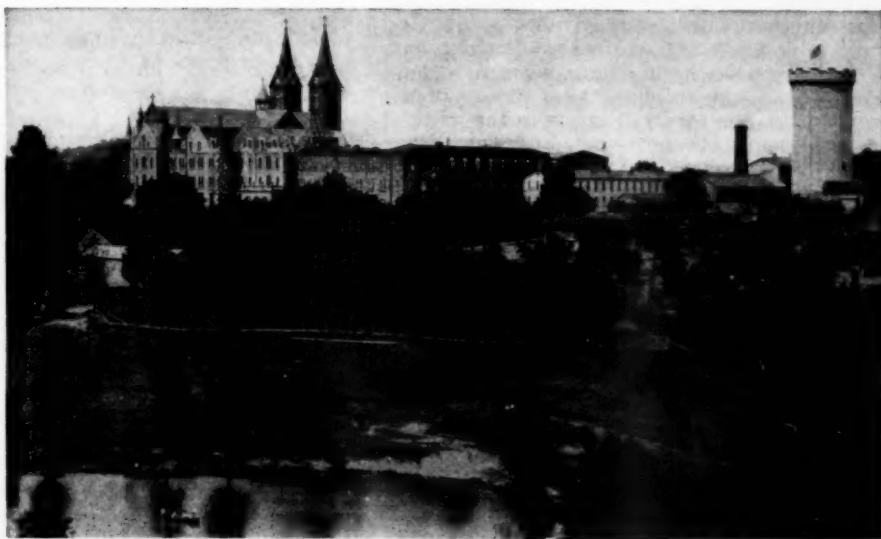
seminary for the training of aspirants to the secular priesthood. The new structure, not yet completed, is a massive pile of sandstone, with red tiled roof. The style of architecture is in keeping with Benedictine simplicity and Benedictine solidity.

I was surprised at the great number of students

that are gathered within the walls of the seminary. The perfect discipline in the training is not only felt by the visitor but seen in the conduct of the young men. The education is broad and thorough, for the Benedictines aspire to be specialists in the branches that they teach. They were so almost from the beginning. At Monte Cassino I was privileged to look at some ancient accounts of the early Benedictine schools. I was surprised to find that even in that far-off day they taught the whole cycle of human knowledge: philosophy, theology, mathematics, natural science, poetry, rhetoric, and music, as well as classical and sacred literature.

As I looked at the rising walls of the new seminary and thought of the splendid work already done by the good fathers in the training of levites, I turned to the coming years and I saw a ceaseless stream of educated and enlightened priests going forth to spread the good tidings of the gospel. With a rich store of divine wisdom I saw them taking places of trust and responsibility in the guidance of God's Church.

Through all the centuries the Order itself has given the Church some of its greatest leaders. Gregory the Great and Gregory VII are illustrious names in the long line of popes, and because of their influence upon the Church take precedence of all others. But these are not all. Before the close of the fourteenth century, twenty-four members of the Benedictine Order had sat upon the Chair of St. Peter, two hundred had been cardinals, seven thousand had



St. Meinrad Abbey and Seminary from the Southwest

been archbishops, fifteen thousand had been bishops, and upon more than fifty thousand the title of saint had been conferred.

If one looks at the pile of buildings which constitute the Abbey of St. Meinrad's from some point of vantage, he feels the charm and mystery of the past, the poetry and romance of the Middle Age. The cross crowned spires point to the clouds. The bells ring out over hill and vale like voices from higher worlds, and from the peaceful homes that are grouped in the village near the Abbey issue forth the faithful to the church portals, and enter for the morning sacrifice where prayer rises like incense to heaven.

Impressive are the voices of the Abbey that speak to the soul. Now a volume of psalmody from the monks chanting the office, now the ringing of the bells, now the calling of the thoughts to higher worlds of vision, now the silence of reflection. But the voice that speaks the most impressive of all is the great pipe organ that fills two galleries, its golden pipes standing out in royal majesty. Of all the accents in which Holy Church speaks her love and sorrow, her faith and hope, to my thinking, the pipe organ is the most celestial. The great pipe organ of St. Meinrad's Abbey Church is an instrument of marvelous sweetness. One morning I entered the great nave, the tones of the organ, were filling the entire edifice with sounds that were like echoes from a mystic and hidden world. Those sounds rose and fell like waves on an ocean of melody. The distracted world receded to a dim remoteness, its garish light and tumult passed away like a dream of the night, another world peopled with saints and martyrs, prophets and confessors dawned upon me, and from on high angels seemed to lend their voices to the accompanying strains of the organ. Even the pictured saints in the painted windows seem to become vocal and shout their victory over the world. The great organ's peal filled the temple like a cry of soul hunger to the throne of God. Still higher and higher it rose borne triumphantly upward, to the vaulted roof, until its volume of harmony seemed spending itself in an effort to make itself felt in the ear of God. I raised my eyes to the golden pipes and almost wondered if the organ had a soul. As I listened to the tones of that great instrument accompanying the well trained choir at the solemn service on the feast of the Immaculate Conception there came to me, through the power of sacred melody, a foretaste of that joy ear hath not heard, eye hath not seen, nor the human heart conceived.

The great monastery library which covers three floors of the new building is another place

of interest to the visitor at St. Meinrad's, especially if he is a lover of books. Goldsmith once asked Johnson who is the most miserable man, and he replied, "He who cannot read on a rainy day." There is something in this library that invites the lover of books to read whether the day be rainy or bright with sunshine. For here on these shelves he will find a concourse of master minds that never assembled in the flesh. The books which load this forest of book cases are all carefully selected. When Gladstone was asked if he had read the latest book, he answered, "I only read the saints," meaning by that he only read the best. It would seem by the titles of the books that the same plan was adopted in St. Meinrad's library. As I took my last look of the library, the words of a wise teacher came to my mind: "He that loveth a good book will never want a faithful friend, a wholesome counsellor, a cheerful companion, an effectual comforter."

And now the day comes for the visitor to bid farewell to St. Meinrad's and to return to the duties that await him in the everyday world of men. He goes with thankfulness in his heart that he was privileged, for a few days, at least, to drink deep, at this fountain of the spiritual life. He has been strengthened to walk the ways of peace and wisdom for he has breathed the spirit of the peace-loving St. Benedict, his reverence and his gentleness, so different from the spirit of the selfish world. And in many a silent hour in the days that are to come he will visit in spirit St. Meinrad's, and hear again the pealing of the bells, the heavenly tones of the great organ, the majestic notes of the plain chant—and these memories will live with him more precious than gold, or earthly possessions.

Lamps

BETH NICHOLS

In youth I trimmed my lamps and made them bright—
So many lamps had I for my delight!

A lamp of Hope and other lamps of Dreams,
Illusions, Faith, with fascinating gleams
That lighted all my future. With what care
I turned my lamp of Dreams to lavish flare!

Ah, better had I turned it down too low
And made my lamp of Faith the brighter glow
As did my lamp of Hope! But one light faded—
Illusions quickly sputtered out and failed.

My lamp of Dreams made one last mighty spurt
And when it flickered, nothing soothed the hurt
Of disappointment. Then a breeze of Love
Drew up my lamp of Faith to Heaven above.
And down the years of Life's long pilgrimage
My lamp of Faith shines brighter in old age.

The Cats and the Cardinal

MARY E. MANNIX

Chapter 2

IN THE GARDEN

IN front of the stone bench on which the Cardinal and Père Joseph esconced themselves, stood a rustic table. Père Joseph laid down his papers and, selecting the topmost one, began to read its contents. The delicious fragrance of the lilacs, now in full flower, permeated the air about them; the songs of the birds, the tinkle of the fountain not far away, spoke of beauty, harmony and peace.

But the burthen of the despatch and those which succeeded it were far from being in touch with the scene. Plots, counterplots and dastardly schemes, menaces, appeals and sickening adulation were all represented on the various sheets of paper which Père Joseph had answered according to his understanding of their import, and very few of these replies were objected to by the Cardinal. A word here, a stronger phrase there, were suggested—the monk interlined the papers accordingly, and Richelieu signed them.

"Well, that is done," he said, rising to his feet. "Put the portfolio in your big pocket and we will take a turn in the garden until dinner time, which cannot be far away."

As they slowly promenaded the terrace, each occupied with his own thoughts, the Cardinal suddenly exclaimed,

"Oh, how charming, Père Joseph! They are perfect. I must have them!"

From the greensward behind the lilacs came a little girl about four years of age, poorly dressed but with lovely blond hair and dark blue eyes. Beside her walked a boy of seven or eight, cleanly but also poorly attired. The little girl was barefooted but the boy wore a pair of sabots; his large straw hat was torn in several places. And in front of them, gambolled two beautiful cats, hardly more than kittens—one entirely black, the other perfectly white.

"Come here!" cried the Cardinal, in a tone of command. "Come, bring me the cats. I want them!"

At these astonishing words the frightened little girl picked up her treasures, put them in the skirt of her gown, and ran away as fast as she could. The boy did not budge, but stood, his sturdy legs wide apart, confronting the Cardinal.

"Run after that baby and fetch me the cats!"

said the Cardinal. "And be quick about it, *galopin!*"

But the boy, taking off his torn hat, as he had been taught to do in the presence of the great, replied with the utmost coolness,

"Jeanette is not a baby and I shall not run after her. They are her cats—and a little, mine."

"Come closer," said the Cardinal. "I want to speak to you. What is your name?"

"Jeannot Mathisson," replied the urchin, advancing slowly.

"The grandson of Mathisson," said the Cardinal turning to Père Joseph. Then to the child, "Go, call your father."

"My father is sick in bed."

"Your mother then."

"She is dead."

"Who takes care of you?"

"Aunt Valerie Leblanc. No, Eulalia does."

"Is that your little sister?"

"Yes, Monsieur."

"You must run after her and bring her here. I want those cats; I will buy them from you."

"Jeanette will never sell them," answered the boy. "She loves them. I love them also, though not so well, perhaps, as she does. She would not exchange them for the finest cow you would offer—with a calf thrown in. Oh, no indeed, Monsieur!"

"Did you ever hear of such impertinence?" exclaimed the Cardinal. "Do you know who I am, *galopin*?"

Jeannot regarded him fixedly, beginning to realize that this was an important personage with whom he had to deal, and intimidated by the severe expression of the prelate, began to run his fingers through his hair, shifting from one foot to another in an embarrassed manner.

Pitying his confusion, and wishing, at the same time, to give the child an idea of the importance of his questioner, Père Joseph said, in a gentle tone,

"Monsieur, the Cardinal, wishes to confer a benefit upon you my boy. It will be an honor to have him purchase your cats. He will pay you well for them."

"Offer him two Louis d'ors," whispered his Eminence.

"He will give you two Louis d'ors for Jeanette's cats," continued the monk. "With that sum you can buy twenty others if you wish."

"We do not wish to buy twenty cats, or even one," replied Jeannot, his eyes filling with tears which began to overflow his long lashes.

"But you must do what the Cardinal asks," Père Joseph replied. "He is a friend of the King whom you must obey as though it were the King himself. You know, one does not dare disobey the King."

"But he is good," answered Jeannot, winking the tears from his eyes upon his fat cheeks. "He would not make Jeannette cry—and she would cry if her cats were sold. No, Monsieur, Jeannette will never, never sell them."

"What stubbornness!" exclaimed the Cardinal, half-vexed, half-amused. "Let me show you how foolish you are to reject such an offer. Listen to me—"

But the boy, observing that, as he spoke, the personage in the scarlet robe was coming nearer, suddenly took to his heels and disappeared in the shrubbery.

The Cardinal knit his brows and turned to his companion.

"I never saw more beautiful cats," he said. "I want them and I will have them!"

The monk did not reply, but knowing the indomitable will of his master, foresaw trouble in the household of Jeannette and her brother.

At this moment the Angelus rang from the tower of the village church. The two men removed their caps, bowed their heads and recited the prayers.

They had hardly finished when a servant appeared announcing dinner, to which they did full justice.

When the cloth had been removed and the nuts and wine were being placed upon the table, the Cardinal turned to the head butler and inquired,

"Who feeds the cats here?"

"Mademoiselle Leblanc, Monseigneur," was the reply.

"Ah! The aunt of those children. Good. Send her to me!"

In a short time Mademoiselle made her appearance. She was probably the housekeeper, as she carried a small key-basket at her side. Her face was round and red, her shoulders round and thick, and in her haste to obey the summons of the Cardinal she had put on her lace cap hindside foremost. It was also a little to one side, giving her a ludicrous appearance, of which, however, she was wholly unconscious.

After she had made her obeisance—a full curtsy—with as much expedition and grace as her size and weight would allow, the Cardinal said,

"Mademoiselle Leblanc, they tell me you feed the cats at Denicourt."

"Yes, Monseigneur."

"Well—you do not know your business—that

part of it, at least. You do not know how to take care of cats. You give them too much to eat. My cat, Matine, is dead from overfeeding, and Matton, six months ago the liveliest of creatures, is nothing now but a lazy ball of fat. It is ridiculous."

"It is not my fault, Monseigneur," answered Mademoiselle, lifting her head with a gesture which caused the Cardinal to say to himself—"I know where the little vagabond got his self-possession."

"Whose is it, then?" he asked.

"The fault of high living and old age," she replied. "Fat is bound to accumulate with old age and idleness."

"I am growing old fast," replied the prelate whimsically. "Yet I do not seem to be accumulating fat."

"That is because you are not idle, Monseigneur. You work very hard; you have the cares of the Kingdom upon your shoulders, and they are not few. There is no comparison!"

The Cardinal could not conceal a smile. The Friar lifted his eyebrows, but the ghost of one lingered about the corners of his lips.

"But that is not really what I want to see you about," said Richelieu. "I believe," he went on, "that you have a small niece who is the proud and happy possessor of a pair of cats. I saw them in the garden just before dinner and I was delighted with the little animals. One was white, the other black. Now, I want those kittens. I shall keep them at Ruel, where the people in charge know better how to take care of cats than you do here. Secure them for me so that I may carry them with me the day after tomorrow, when we shall leave Denicourt. Here is the money to pay for them!"

The woman drew back.

"What! Allow your Eminence to buy a pair of cats!" she exclaimed. "Such a thing is not to be thought of for a moment. The children will be proud and glad to present them to you, Monseigneur."

"I do not know about that!" replied the Cardinal. "The little girl gathered them up in her apron when I called her to bring them to me, and her brother confronted me for at least five minutes, steadily refusing to let me have them."

"But they did not know who you were, Monseigneur. They could not have known."

"I fancy it would have made very little difference if they had. The world moves, you know, and the little ones belong to a different generation from yours and mine. My scarlet robe and cap seemed to make very little impression on your nephew, Mademoiselle."

Once more he offered her the gold pieces with

an expression of countenance which told her she must not refuse them.

Dropping them in the pocket of her apron she inquired,

"When will Monseigneur want the cats?"

"Day after tomorrow in the morning," he replied. "To take with me to Ruel, as I said. Mind you have them in readiness, Mademoiselle."

"Yes, your Eminence!" she replied. "Have no fear of that."

"I understand you have the care of those children?" observed the Cardinal.

"In a manner I have," replied Mademoiselle Leblanc. "Their mother was my sister. She died a year ago. Their father is ill and I exercise a kind of supervision of the household, where they have a pretty good servant. But my duties here will not permit me to give them all the attention I would wish. That will account, in some measure, for the want of respect they have shown, Monseigneur, whose pardon for them I humbly crave."

"*N'importe!*" answered the Cardinal, dismissing her with a wave of the hand. Once more making a profound curtsy, Mademoiselle left the dining room.

(To be continued)

The Teacher and the Children of the Poor

SR. M. PHILOMENA

"THE problem of the children is the problem of the State," says Jacob A. Riis in the opening chapter of his "Children of The Poor." "As we mould the children of the toiling masses in our cities, so we shape the destiny of the State which they will rule in their turn, taking the reins from our hands."

Not only is the problem of the children the problem of the State, but it has always been the problem of the Church and of every true-hearted man and woman. The innocence of childhood has a charm all its own, and wicked, indeed, must be the heart that would refuse to do all in its power for the physical or spiritual well-being of children.

Happy are the homes blessed by little ones, faithfully and tenderly watched over by good parents, and sent to schools where they are educated in the true sense of the word!

The records of our Juvenile Courts and Reformatories only too plainly testify that many little ones in our land are not so blessed. Parents, particularly those coming from across the sea, do not understand the language, customs, and conditions in this country and are shocked

when they find the strong arm of the law stretched out to care for their children, who, in early youth, have entered the path of crime.

Non-Catholics, and even some of our own people are frequently surprised at the large proportion of Catholic delinquents. They have not a clear knowledge of the situation. They could learn much by pondering well the reasons given by Rev. Albert Muntz, S. J., of St. Louis.

1. The average Catholic family is larger than the family of the non-Catholic. 2. Generally poor,—not so many opportunities for recreation and working off surplus energy. 3. Imitating "smart Americans." 4. Going to work so young. (14 yrs.) Not ready mentally. 5. Standards of living lower than those of our people. 6. Poverty—Girls have no place at home to entertain company. 7. Children of the poor must make use of cheaper forms of amusement. By personal experience, I know that the above reasons are true and I have seen many sad examples which could be cited in illustration.

Some years ago, coming from a city on the shore of Lake Superior, where nine-tenths of the children wished "to go to the Normal" or "finish Commercial and get a position," I was surprised to find very different conditions prevailing in St. Louis—the riparian congested portion of St. Louis.

The parish had once been one of the best in the city, but many of the pioneer families, the good old German and Irish people were fast moving away and a more transient and cosmopolitan people were living in their old homes.

We found it uphill work to keep some of the children in our school after First Holy Communion. The inducements of the annual picnic with "everything free" were alluring. Then, others were only waiting to attain their fifteenth birthday, and, knowing that they would go to work the day following, they "didn't see the use of studying so hard."

Appealing to a parent, sometimes disclosed a sad state of poverty, ignorance or discouragement. One mother said:

"If Mary can't be put up (promoted), that's all right. It doesn't matter whether she is in fourth or fifth grade, I have forgotten all the Sisters learned me, and I was in the sixth grade! She'll go to work soon, any way."

Another lady being urged to let her bright boy finish the grammar grades said: "Yes, I want Frank to graduate, but his father doesn't believe in such a grand education!"

Many children have been determined to finish the eighth grade. One frail, intelligent, little girl of fourteen worked in the factory from

seven to twelve every forenoon and came to school in the afternoon, bringing her arithmetic and grammar work which she had prepared the previous evening. How she had obtained a permit to work was a mystery to us.

Another case, a boy, whose good father developed cancer, went to work in February, but finished with his class by studying at home and getting assistance at the convent in the evenings and on Sundays.

Usually, we had on our records one or two boys who were obliged to have their teacher's signature showing regular attendance at school, when they made their monthly or fortnightly report to the Judge of the Juvenile Court. This seemed to have a good influence in many cases. The poor little boy felt keenly the result of his misconduct and when he realized that "The way of the transgressor is hard," he resolved to turn over a new leaf.

The attendance officer was a typical sleuth and energetically scoured alleys and river banks, striking terror into the hearts of truants whenever he appeared, either on the street, or in the class room. Of course, in a school of 400 or 450 pupils, some truants are sure to be found. In nearly every case home conditions were the cause.

Mothers going to work at seven o'clock were afraid to leave until the children were out and the house locked for the day. The primary teacher frequently found groups of little tots sitting on the convent steps, contentedly eating, at this early hour, what their poor mothers had given them for their midday lunch. It behooved her, then, to find something to replace it. I have seen her in the yard at recess, surrounded by a score of kindergartners who wistfully watched for a cookie or sandwich.

Owing to the fact that so many mothers were wage earners, Sister accepted the five-year-old children, running her enrollment up, even to the nineties. This, however, was remedied as soon as the Guardian Angel Settlement opened its kindergarten. Then the children went there for lunch, too. They could get a good substantial meal for five or ten cents, or for nothing, if they were too poor.

The girls remained in the Children of Mary Sodality until they were eighteen or twenty. Previous to their Communion Sunday they received a card or perhaps a call from the Sister in charge, to insure their attendance.

Occasionally we spent a Saturday afternoon looking up those who were irregular and had not reported the cause of non-attendance. The greatest difficulty is that they move so often. How they get the wherewith is not so obvious. Calling at a given address, you hear that they

have moved, perhaps not far, but it takes time to locate them. Sometimes it is three flights up, through a dark hall, with a dog barking perilously near on one side, and loud talking across the alley.

The Sodality keeps the factory girls together. They enjoy the meetings, the interesting instructions given by the Reverend Director, the annual retreat, the library, which is frequently added to, in order to keep up interest.

The Sisters of Charity are a great aid, for they now keep one Sister Visitor, whose daily duty is to visit the poor and needy. This Sister is accompanied by a lady or girl well acquainted with the neighborhood. These visits are productive of untold good, in many ways, particularly in keeping poorly instructed parents from sending their children to the nearby sectarian settlements. Naturally, our pupils cast longing glances at the children who come from these places laden with toys, etc. It certainly is a problem to keep them away. The Clubs, the Singing, Music, Commercial and Dressmaking Classes at the Guardian Angel Settlement are a great help, but, over all, "the faithful Watchmen on the towers," the devoted and vigilant clergy, exert a strong, abiding influence.

How beautiful will that soul be in eternity that has worthily and often received the good God.—Ven. Cure of Ars.

From Mother's Bouquet

A Purple Violet*

P. K.

Pray, tell me, Mother, tell thy child
The meaning of this flower fair,
This lovely purple hyacinth,
Whose fragrant breath pervades the air.

In purple vestments comes the priest
To bring the sacrifice for sin;
His somber penitential robes
Bespeak his sorrow deep within.

As priest the Virgin Mother comes
Today into God's holy fane
To offer up her first-born Son,
The Lamb Who for our sins was slain.

The flower's pleasing fragrant breath
Her blind obedience doth show;
The purple hue,—old Simeon's words
That pierced her heart with lifelong woe.

* For the Feast of the Purification, Feb. 2.

St. Margaret of Cortona, Penitent

A. C. MCK.

TO those faint-hearted and unhappy souls whom sin has uncrowned, and who are aspiring to return to God, the life of this great penitent offers consolation and hope, and is a protest against the doubt which troubles and holds them back.

St. Margaret began her life in great disorder. The tragic end of the man who turned her from God brought her back and, aided by grace, she began at once her reparation. She discovered the body of her companion a few days after his cruel murder, uncovering the half-buried remains with her own hands. By the sight of the decaying corpse God raised her mind to understand the brevity of life and the deformity of sin, and set all things before her in so clear a light that she was immediately transformed from a great sinner into a great penitent.

She at once laid aside all finery, clothed herself in a poor black dress, and took the road to her native village, leading by the hand her little son, the testimony of her shame. She fell at the feet of her indignant father, and with tears and lamentations, asked pardon for her contempt of his authority and advice. Although she suffered in silence the constant reproaches of a step-mother, and served her as a slave, this step-mother so influenced the father that with one accord they expelled her from their home, with the harsh command never again to enter their doors. Not knowing where to go, she sat down in a neighboring garden to relieve her breaking heart in tears and implore aid from God, her only hope. He directed her to go to Cortona, and put herself under the care and direction of the Sons of St. Francis. Margaret immediately obeyed the inspiration, and although the distance was over eight miles and her strength almost gone, taking her child by the hand, she turned toward the city the name of which she was to glorify.

In her first interview with the seraphic friars she conceived a deep veneration for them, and promptly put into execution their slightest suggestions. Her first act of obedience was a most penitent confession. Her confessor admired her compunction, and gave her penances and practices suitable to her fervor. She went to live in a small cottage on the land and near the home of two pious women, who claimed the privilege of supplying her wants. Little, however, did Margaret use for her own comfort. Her little son used the bed given her, and she took her own short rest on the floor. She increased her fasts and austerities, and dis-

tributed among the poor almost all the food sent her. To become more like them, she obtained permission to beg for the means of supporting life like the poorest. At certain hours of the day this humble soul begged from door to door, so cautious that she never entered a house and so modest that she never raised her eyes. She would have preferred ridicule to charity, but the good people of Cortona gave her nothing but charity, and charity so courteous that when she asked soiled and torn clothes, they gave her only the clean and whole. She distributed among the poor the best she received, and gave to them even the poor furniture of the house and her meager supply of wood, so that she was often without fire in winter, she who was so sensitive to cold that she used to have her room heated in summer.

Her mind was ever on the life of Jesus. Her meditations began with the Nativity and went over each to His Ascension. Her daily endeavor had but one object, to become a living copy of her Jesus, and seeing that from the first moments of His life He had chosen poverty, pain, contempt and opprobrium, she desired only this sad company.

No other benefit rendered her Jesus so dear to her as the Holy Sacrifice, because by this great gift she saw her worst pains removed and her joys conferred. She heard every day all the masses celebrated at the church of the friars. Never did Christian pilgrim rejoice with greater devotion at the sight of sanctuaries than did Margaret when near the venerated ciborium. Remaining motionless in body, she kept her heart fixed upon Him to bless, love and thank the Divine Guest. But her greatest delight was to receive this Divine Guest, and to this reception she brought the heroic virtues with which Mary Magdalene received Him in her own house, and like her she derived the greatest fruit. She had often at first kept away, thinking herself too unclean and defective, and though she often refused, and refused in this only, her confessor urged her to receive. While thus reluctant, Jesus appeared visibly to encourage her, and at last obliged her to receive daily. It was evident to all in the last days of her mortal life that she was sustained more by Holy Communion than by the scanty nourishment she allowed herself, and for nearly three weeks she sustained life by this alone. The author of her life says that by this her fair and fragrant body was preserved for more than four centuries.

Love for Mary was so blended with her love for Jesus that an increase of love for Him was an increase of love for His Blessed Mother. One day after communion Jesus said to her: "My

daughter, I wish thee every day to pay special reverence to My Mother, and to cause her to be revered and honored," and in like expressions He ended His daily communications.

So severe were the austerities with which she punished her criminal flesh that her body was soon disfigured. To exterior mortifications she added all sorts of humiliations, and the shame with which she was covered at the sight of her sins pushed her on to invent many ways of drawing upon herself confusion before men.

This model of true penitents spent twenty-three years in severe penance, twenty of which she was clad in the religious habit of the Third Order of St. Francis. Being worn out by austerities and consumed by the fire of divine love, she died on the 22d of February, 1297. She was canonized by Pope Benedict XIII in 1728.

Liberal as were the people of Cortona to St. Margaret in their homage, she was still more generous in miraculous favors. She performed many of these while living, and many were concealed by her humility.

Her body rests in a beautiful sarcophagus in the church dedicated to her in Cortona.

Imaginary Troubles

More than half one's troubles arise from an exaggerated idea of one's own importance, and the effort we make to increase our own position in the world. Lacordaire says that the sweetest thing on earth is to be forgotten by all with the exception of those who love us. All else brings more trouble than joy, and as soon as we have completed our task here and fulfilled our mission the best thing for us to do is to disappear altogether. Let us never be hindered or abstracted by ambitious thoughts that we could do better, or a false zeal tempting us to forsake our daily task with the vain desire to surpass our neighbors. Let this one thought occupy our minds. To do well what is given us to do, for that is all that God requires at our hands. It may be summed up in four words: simply—zealously—cheerfully—completely. Then if we are slighted, misunderstood, maligned or persecuted, what does it matter? These injuries will pass away; but the peace and love of God will remain with us forever, the reward of our faith and patience.

As life imparts life to the food that we take and changes it into itself, so the Holy Eucharist, the Life, imparts eternal life to those who receive it.

After the Flight

KATE AYERS ROBERT

Belated, under midnight stars,
A toilworn shepherd stared
Into an entrance standing wide,
From whence a bright light glared.
"Another step I cannot go,
It's here I'll stop and rest,
It may be find a guide," and so
He passed within the gate.

With cautious look the place he scanned,
Found nought for which he sought,
Astonished at the light that glowed
Mid the silence. Then he thought,
"Here near this manger I shall lie
And rest till daylight breaks,"
Exhausted, sinks upon the straw—
Nor sleeps, nor dreams, but quakes

At sound familiar. Listening, tense—
A small white lamb, disturbed,
Is pleading: "Master, is it you?"
Then waiting, all emotion curbed—
"Who speaks?" the man bewildered asked,
Said the wee lamb staring wide,
"I'm waiting for my Master, Sir!"
Then lay down at his side.

"He told me He would come again,
He would not take me then,
There was a task for me to do
For Him right here, and when
I'd met the lost and lonely,
Given cheer e'en through one night,
He'd come again and take me
To His fold of endless light."

"Who is your Master, little one?"
The man still wondering pleads.
"My Master is the heavenly Child
Whom an angel form precedes
Into the land of Egypt,
Where the message said to go.
Had you known His love as I have,
You'd not wonder at me so."

"Then I'm too late!" the shepherd gasped,
"Tis He I longed to find,
O'er Judea's hills the story spread
To poor, and weak, and blind,
Come little one, come nearer!
We'll share this straw-made bed."

* * * *

In the first faint gleams of morning,
The man and lamb lay dead.

The Bread which I will give, is my flesh, for
the life of the world.—St. John 6:52.

The Treasure of Santa Barbara

MARY E. MANNIX

YEARS and years ago there could be seen on a hill overlooking the town of Santa Barbara the ruins of the spacious abode of a Spanish freebooter, a sort of California Captain Kidd, who preyed upon the commerce of the Southern Pacific, and who finally disappeared, his ship sunk at sea by a Portuguese Galley, it was said, and leaving large sums of gold buried somewhere in the vicinity of the town.

Often at intervals did the simple natives search and dig for the delusive treasure, until the very cattle roamed unherded over the hills, that their owners might share in the feverish search for sudden wealth that disturbed the even tenor of their pastoral lives.

They were avarice bitten. To no purpose did the good Padre preach against the sin of covetousness, and at length his parish, poor at best, was brought to the threshold of distress and famine. One day the holy man called his flock together and said,

"My children, something wonderful has happened. Santa Barbara will help you in your search for gold. In order to bring good luck, her blessing is on this bag of seeds, three of which you must drop into each hole you dig in quest of the treasure. There will be persons also eager for treasure who will soon seek to buy your lands, but do not sell them unless at very good prices, always remembering to retain some portion of the land for yourselves that you may continue your search for the long-lost treasure. Very soon I will show you a systematic way of doing so."

His simple flock did not inquire how he had learned of Santa Barbara's interest in their quest, but received the glad tidings with great joy. The priest, who was a keen observer, spent considerable time watching the proceedings of the strangers who had lately arrived in the town and who were buying up land and turning it into orange-groves. Through his wise advice his people succeeded in selling at good prices and retaining, for the most part, a portion for themselves. Under his direction they continued to dig, at certain specified distances apart, holes in search of the treasure till, after some months, seeing no results, they desisted in their fruitless labor. It was now the rainy season—the Padre had been successful in keeping them interested so long. But at last apparently sharing in their discouragement, he permitted them to discontinue the ungrateful task.

The dews and winter rains watered the seeds

they had planted, and when spring came again sturdy little miniature trees were lifting their delicate heads from the ground. They grew and flourished; in a short time they were ready to be transplanted and sold to the new-comers who had just arrived, while, by the advice of the Padre, they kept a certain number for themselves. The small trees they sold would, through the thinning-out process, have otherwise been thrown away, while under these conditions they became a source of profit to their owners.

Time passed and soon the former treasure-seekers rejoiced in the sight of hundreds of orange trees, lifting their shining, fragrant fruit to the sun. These they shipped to the great mining city which had sprung up in the north and when, having disposed of the golden globes for golden dollars that glittered in their sun-browned hands, the Padre would say,

"Santa Barbara has done well. Behold, here at last is the pirate's golden treasure."

And today even the name of that good Padre is forgotten.

Familiar Plots From the "Gesta Romanorum"

ADA COSTELLO

Many critics of Shakespeare in endeavoring to seek out the proximate sources of the plots underlying his works have resorted to the writings of the early monks and here they have found the fundamental basis and the themes employed by many of our great English writers in literary productions. The monks were in turn indebted to earlier legends of other lands, to the traditions of their convents, and the pages of early chronicles for the desired information and material for their stories. These stories were written by the churchmen for amusement as well as instruction, and from these the most celebrated poets of our own and other lands have drawn their plots. These tales have been a mine for the writers of every age; and the plots taken from them have been innumerable. Gower, Lydgate, Chaucer and Shakespeare in former days, and Parnell, Schiller, Scott, and Southey in recent years have been indebted to the didactic fiction of the old monks for many good plots and many effective incidents. "The improvements have been new settings of old jewels" say critics.

Shakespeare, perhaps more than any of his contemporaries sought for his plots and subplots in these early chronicles and stories. This is especially noted in his great comedy and tragedy, "The Merchant of Venice" and "King

Lear." Shakespeare transformed the story of the "Three Caskets" taken from "The Gesta Romanorum" to the scenes of Venice. He then elaborated the characters and local color and produced a masterpiece of English literature. In the tale concerning the three caskets of gold, silver, and lead is found a young girl who makes the choice in order to win the son of an Emperor. She rejects the gold and silver caskets out of humility; and rightly, for the lead casket contains the desired portrait. This is precisely the dominating plot in "The Merchant of Venice"; for in this play, Portia, one of the leading characters, according to her father's will, has her suitor choose the caskets. The story connected with the "Merchant of Venice" is merely a blending together of the two originally separate narratives of "The Three Caskets" and the dispute regarding the pound of flesh, and both are found in "The Gesta Romanorum." The anecdote of "The Three Caskets" is very short and simple, but the inscriptions are almost word for word as we find them in the play of Shakespeare.

The origin of Shakespeare's story of King Lear may not altogether be attributed to the dim world of Celtic legends and in the more remote realms of simple nature myths but also to this great collection of stories. For here in the story of "The Roman Emperor and His Three Daughters," he found another great theme with the possibilities of development. Shakespeare grasped the opportunity, and by taking this plot and modeling out of the half-worked clay figures and groups, he produced one of his greatest tragedies. The story themes of both "King Lear" and "The Roman Emperor and his Three Daughters" are based on the plot of a parent testing the love of his children and disinheriting the youngest, who in the end proves to be the worthiest. There are unlimited variations and modifications on the part of the former; but both depict the tragedy of a broken home and the clash between parent and children. "Thus Shakespeare," says a noted critic, "from idle tales formed plays full of deepest worldly wisdom." He found many treasures in the apparently insignificant tales and from them brought forth great literary masterpieces which shall always be the treasures of English Literature, and will ever prove to be rich inheritances from the writings of the early monks.

Catholic Students' Mission Crusade

ST. MEINRAD SEMINARY UNIT

To take an active part in furthering the work of God is an occupation superior to all deeds. Frequent-

ly one wishes to do something big for the Church. God does not expect us to do big things for the Church but the ordinary little things of daily life, for he who is faithful in little things will also be faithful in those that are greater.

If we attend to the little affairs of life and earnestly cooperate with our leaders in church movements, much good will result. Suppose the Catholics of America united for a drive against paganism. Imagine an army of seventeen million and more steadily moving forward. Their marching orders are prayer and cooperation; they are clothed in the armor of God; they are girt about with truth and wear the breastplate of justice; their protection against calumny is the shield of faith, while the helmet of salvation protects them from the missiles of paganism and the sword of the spirit, the word of God, is wielded dauntlessly to combat every error against the faith. On their banners aloft we read! "The Sacred Heart for the world, the world for the Sacred Heart." Would not hell tremble? What shaft of an enemy could pierce that banner, what staff bearer would weaken under such insignia?

Do not consider this, dear reader, an hallucination or a figment of the imagination. We need not review the pages of history to read what organization has done. We will not recount the achievements of various societies by efficient cooperation. Remember the old saying, "In union there is strength." As the Catholics of this country are growing stronger by organizing societies, so are the conditions of the missions in foreign countries improving.

But we will not stop now, there is much to be done. If we are at a standstill, we lose and the sects gain on us. Let us all improve conditions by helping to enlist every Catholic school, academy and college in the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade.

Parents may think that the Crusade does not refer to them, but if they have children in school it vitally concerns them. They should make a study of the Mission Crusade and talk it over with their children. Place mission literature before them, and their faith and zeal for the Church will increase. The following are excellent magazines that deal exclusively with the cause of the missions: *The Field Afar*, Maryknoll, N. Y., *The Far East*, Omaha, Nebraska, *The Missionary*, Washington, D. C., the *Society for the Propagation of the Faith*, Lexington Ave., N. Y. City., the *Little Missionary*, Techy, Ill.

And now, Crusaders, that the year is young, let us start afresh and do things for the missions. If we have been remiss in the past we can do better in the future. Remember how at the Dayton convention we promised to "achieve." This, then, is "Achievement" year. Do not forget the Junior Units. We want the Catholic youth of America in this Crusade. In a few years we hope to help in the education of the natives of China to the priesthood. Native priests can work among their own race more efficiently than foreigners.

(Concluded on page 312)

Notes of General Interest

FROM THE FIELD OF SCIENCE

—The present record for altitude made by a plane is 40,800 feet.

—Rubies and sapphires are now made artificially. They answer to every known test.

—A one-wheeled tractor that turns in its own length has been developed in France for use in vineyards.

—Smokeless powder has now been made a flashless powder. A five-inch gun fired at night had so little glow that observers twenty yards away could scarcely notice it.

—The American city of tomorrow may resemble a city of pyramids. The recent laws prescribing 'set-backs' for the upper stories of very tall buildings will result in a pyramid structure.

—Even the windmill is to owe a debt to the airplane. Recent designs of windmill blades follow the experience gained in airplane propellers.

—An ideal section of the Lincoln Highway is to embody the latest ideas for a perfect roadway. A hundred-foot right of way is to have a roadbed of reinforced concrete, with submerged tile drains, underground conduits for telephone and telegraph, and freedom from obstructions for vision.

—A new form of typewriter uses electric contacts to operate the keys. The operator merely presses the key enough to make the contact.

—Electrical tension of a million volts has been produced in an engineering laboratory of the General Electric Co. The great problem for high voltages is the insulation for transmission. If this be solved, current will be sent from very distant stations into cities.

—Steel direct from the ore in five hours! In the present longer process, iron obtained from the ore is charged with too much carbon. This carbon must then be burned out by the Bessemer process to produce steel. The new 'Basset' process, in separating the iron from the ore, prevents the carbonizing, so as to produce steel directly.

—Battleplanes to carry 12 inch guns are being designed in England. As the recoil of an ordinary 12 inch gun would ruin an airplane, a special gun has been devised that shoots both ways at once! Whilst the projectile is being shot forward, the same explosion forces fine shot to the rear, thus neutralizing the recoil.

—A metal hot water bottle without hot water to warm a patient! The bottle contains a chemical which heats on exposure to air. A twist of the cork will admit enough air to warm the bottle for eight to twelve hours.

—A heavenly body twenty million times larger than the sun has been discovered by a Dutch astronomer. It is a dark mass, which is expected eventually to become a star.

—The first fundamental improvement since 1881 for lead storage batteries is the newly invented process for

forming the plates by pressing the spongy lead directly into plates without a long electrolytic process. This reduces the process of weeks to seconds. The novelty of the idea lies in keeping the mass porous in spite of pressure.

—The thousand dollar steam automobile is now in process of construction. The engines for each wheel, being separately driven, are located directly on the rear axle. Thus the differential and gears are eliminated.

—Diesel oil engines are proving very economical for sea service. A 17,000 ton ship on a 15,000 mile voyage will save thirty thousand dollars compared with other types.

—Planes without engines, climbing into the air like to birds! And this is no dream! By skilful maneuvering against winds, German gliders have soared several miles without power. The longest flight was that of twenty-two minutes. Distances up to six miles have been covered.

—Luxurious busses, rivaling in their appointments the railway Pullman, are running on regular routes in Europe and America. The rapid growth of this method of transportation promises to solve the problem of speedy and frequent service between nearby points.

—A mixture of locomotive and automobile is the appearance of the latest motor car for use on short line railroads. These gasoline propelled cars, equipped with flanged wheels for the standard railroad tracks, offer faster and more frequent service, cleaner travel, and lower transportation costs.

—Internal heat is one of the chief causes of destruction for automobile tires. The constant friction of one strand of fabric against the other, even though the play be very slight, produces the evil effect. To eliminate the friction and prolong the life of the tire a new invention coats each strand with live rubber before weaving.

—1500 photographs printed in an hour is the record for a device to aid the professional photographer.

—Seventy punctures in one tire in a single day is the unenviable record for the puncture weed of California. There are five sharp prongs on the bur, any one of which will penetrate automobile tires.

—It is estimated that over 146,000,000,000 fragments or particles of comets strike our atmosphere each year. Few of these ever reach the earth, as the friction of the air burns them to dust.

—About one-seventh of the earth's surface is still but little known to man. Literally hundreds of exploring parties are now in the field seeking everything from new lands down to oil and a parasite for the boll weevil. The most celebrated of the present expeditions are, the effort to scale Mount Everest, the highest mountain in the world, and the exploration of the south polar regions. The spirit of the modern ex-

plorer is not so much adventure as scientific research. This leads to the less spectacular, but the more arduous and beneficial.

—Fresh charcoal has been found to be a very efficacious antidote against nearly all kinds of poison. Water and the finely pulverized charcoal are placed in a bottle and shaken violently before the doses are given. Even in cases of quickly acting poisons, such as strychnine and toadstools, serious consequences were averted by giving the patient liberal doses at intervals of ten minutes.

—The world's first wireless news picture was flashed across the ocean from Annapolis to Paris recently. Although this first miracle picture appears rather crude, when printed, yet the invention promises great things for the future. The principle of the invention lies in the control, at the receiving end, of a beam of light onto a revolving drum covered with sensitive photographic paper. The sending end has a similar drum covered with a gelatine print in relief. A delicate needle follows the miniature hills and valleys of the print, thus controlling the radio impulses sent by the transmitting station. The sending instrument resembles the old style phonograph with its cylinder and reproducer. The cylinder at the receiving end must revolve at the exact rate as the sending cylinder. A small mirror, under control of the radio impulses, reflects a beam of light on and off the revolving sensitized paper, thus drawing or printing the desired picture. Some very interesting developments are predicted. Thus the thumb print of a suspected criminal might be transmitted to foreign countries immediately. Certified checks, drafts, etc., with the original signatures reproduced by wireless would expedite business. Wireless impulses can be picked up by any receiving stations, thus making secrecy of messages difficult. However, were a different rate of speed for the two revolving drums agreed upon, or the revolution made according to studied secret intermittence, important diplomatic messages in the original writing would be transmitted without fear of reception by other stations. Shall we have moving pictures by wireless a few minutes after the events have happened?

REV. COLUMBAN THUIS, O. S. B.

MISCELLANEOUS

—Most Rev. Michael J. Curley was installed as Archbishop of Baltimore on the feast of St. Andrew the Apostle, November 30.

—Johnny Kilbane, of Youngstown, Ohio, feather-weight champion, made an offering of \$10,000 to the Sisters of the Humility of Mary, through a relative, who is a member of the community.

—The contracts for the new theological seminary of the Cincinnati Province, to be built at Norwood, a suburb of Cincinnati, have been let. The main building, which will have the shape of the letter E, will cost between eight and nine hundred thousand dollars.

—As a protest against neo-Malthusianism, or birth control, a special service was held on Dec. 5, in the

Church of the Blessed Sacrament, Worcester, Mass., where the Jesuits were conducting a mission. Despite a raging blizzard, mothers with their little ones up to six years of age filled the sacred edifice. A sermon on the duties of parenthood was preached. Benediction with the Blessed Sacrament closed this unusual service.

—The Mexican Indians, known as the Tarahumara tribe are under the care of the Jesuits, who founded a mission among them in 1638. On Oct. 5, 30,000 of these Indians gathered at the mission to consecrate themselves to the Sacred Heart. Six elementary schools and four colleges or boarding schools are maintained for their benefit.

—The Jesuits at St. Ignatius Church, Chicago, are attracting large congregations to Sunday evening services by holding pulpit debates or dialogues in which two priests take part. One delivers the discourse while the other puts to him such questions as the laity would be apt to ask for its enlightenment. Debates of this kind are said to be carried on successfully in England.

—In 1920 and again in 1921 the pupils of the cathedral schools of Denver made a novena before the feast of the Immaculate Conception for vocations to the priesthood and the religious life. This is a move that might well be imitated in all our parochial schools. That is fulfilling the injunction of the Savior, "Pray ye the Lord of the harvest that he send forth laborers into his harvest."

—We read that the World War cost us the almost incredible sum of more than a million dollars an hour for over two years.

—Patrick Murphy, of Denver, Colo., at the youthful age of one year—beyond the century mark—has joined the Knights of Columbus, because, as he says, he wants to be a member of a young man's organization.

—The Rt. Rev. J. J. Ryan, Bishop of Alton, Ill., since 1888, quietly passed the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination on December 23. At his earnest request there was no public commemoration of the event.

—On December 19 the Association for the Protection of German Youths kindled a huge bonfire in Berlin when it burned 40,000 volumes of detective, "wild west," and Indian stories that had been in circulation since the revolution. For the books that were destroyed the Association gave classical works and other good reading matter in exchange. Would that a similar association existed among us for the conferring of a like benefit on American youth.

—Rev. Walter Drum, S. J., a noted biblical scholar, died at St. Joseph's Hospital, Baltimore, as the result of an operation for appendicitis. Father Drum was a native of Louisville, Ky., where he was born in 1870.

—According to report, four brothers, Edward J., Thomas F., William J., and Albert J. Dooner gave a sumptuous dinner to 300 old people at the Little Sisters of the Poor, Philadelphia. This act of charity the brothers have practiced for forty-six consecutive years. They were not only the donors of the good things to eat, but, as has been their custom, they waited on their guests too.

—Mrs. Mary Vermett, of Aurora, Ill., celebrated her 110th birthday on Christmas. Two of her sons are 76 and 78 respectively.

—Capt. T. J. Smith, a member of the Chicago fire department since 1883, died while attending Mass on Christmas in the Church of Our Lady of Sorrows.

—Mr. Charles J. Quirk, S. J., a popular writer of stories and verse appearing in Catholic and secular magazines on both sides of the Atlantic, is looking forward to his ordination which will take place sometime next summer. Mr. Quirk who is finishing his course of theology at the Jesuit house of studies in Louvain, is a convert to the faith. The story of his remarkable conversion through St. Joan of Arc has been told in the pages of THE GRAIL.

—Madam D'Youville, who founded the Grey Nuns in Canada, the first Sisters of Charity on this side of the Atlantic, died 155 years ago. Her memory was honored at the Mother House in Montreal on December 26. Twelve hundred of her spiritual daughters are now ministering to the afflicted in nineteen hospitals in Canada and the United States. The cause of the venerated foundress is before the Congregation of Rites at Rome.

—Notre Dame University has formed Post 286 of the Veterans of Foreign Wars. The Post will consist of priests, brothers, and students who saw service under the stars and stripes in foreign lands.

—A decree attesting the heroic virtues of the Ven. John Nepomucene Neumann, C. Ss. R., fourth Bishop of Philadelphia, was read in the Consistorial Hall of the Vatican on December 11. This is the first step in the process of canonization. In his address on that occasion the Holy Father said that as Bishop the servant of God had built fifty churches, established many missions, introduced the Forty Hours' Adoration into America, and fought off the evil of godless schools by establishing more than 100 parochial schools.

—On the feast of the Immaculate Conception twenty-two postulants received at Maryknoll the habit of the Foreign Mission Sisters of St. Dominic who are increasing rapidly.

—Presentation Nuns, whose mission field is India, opened a novitiate two years ago at Wavertree, Liverpool, to train postulants for the foreign mission. The first departure, that of five Irish nuns, took place recently.

—Mrs. Marie Reine Fusz, born in Alsace on December 25, 1815, died recently at St. Louis, Mo. Mrs. Fusz is said to hold the enviable record of never having missed daily Mass at 5:30 for nearly a century.

BENEDICTINE

—The Benedictines of St. Ottilien have been given charge of the Apostolic Prefecture in Zululand, Africa. Two priests and two brothers are now at their destination.

—The Swiss Benedictine missionaries, who were active in the Tanganyika Territory, East Africa, before and during the war, have received official recognition

from the English Government, which encourages them to continue their good work.

—The Ordo of the Helveto-American Congregation of Benedictines for 1922 shows a membership of 246 priests, 52 clerics, 9 choir novices, 145 lay brothers, and 5 novices for the lay brotherhood. The Congregation numbers 457 religious.

—At St. Vincent Archabbey the clerics Gervase Schimian, Paul Fife, Frederick and Denis Strittmatter received the subdiaconate at the recent ordinations, while the diaconate was conferred on four other clerics, Benno Brink, Adalbert Kalsh, Alto Hecker, and Casimir Thomas.

—At the election that was held at St. John's Abbey, Collegeville, Minn., on December twenty-ninth, the Very Rev. Alcuin Deutsch, O. S. B., Ph. D., was chosen Abbot to succeed the Rt. Rev. Peter Engel, O. S. B., who died in November. Abbot-elect Alcuin, who for the past four years had held the office of Prior, made his course of philosophy and theology at St. Anselm's College, Rome, where he received the doctorate in philosophy. His ordination to the priesthood occurred in the Eternal City on May 24, 1902.

—The Rt. Rev. Martin Veth, O. S. B., elected Coadjutor-Abbot of St. Benedict's Abbey, Atchison, Kan., on November 10, was solemnly blessed on December 27 by Rt. Rev. John Ward, Bishop of Leavenworth. The Rt. Rev. Thomas F. Lillis, Bishop of Kansas City, preached at the solemnity.

—The Benedictine Educational Association held a special meeting at Chicago on January 2.

BENEDICTINE CHRONICLE

(Contributed by OMER HILLMAN-MOTT, O. S. B.)

On Wednesday, December 21st, 1921, Fr. Adélar Bouvilliers, O. S. B., of Belmont Abbey, North Carolina, was ordained to the holy priesthood. Dom Adélar has been a frequent contributor to American and European journals of music. His recent article on Léon Boëlmann, which appeared in *The Diapason* of September, 1921, evoked favorable comment from students of music, and was quoted as an authoritative interpretation of Boëlmann by the well-known Fr. Raymondien in *La Musique* of Quebec.

With the October (1921) number of the *Revue Benedictine* began the publication of the *Bulletin D'Ancienne Littérature Chrétienne Latine*. The *Bulletin* will appear biennially and its direction has been entrusted to Dom Bernard Capelle. It purposes to be a Baedeker to books, articles of review, reports, and general literature bearing upon the Latin Bible and the literary documents of the first twelve centuries of the Christian era. Particularly gratifying is the message that among the *Bulletin's* principal collaborators appear the names of Dom Chapman, D. Conolly, D. De Bruyne, D. Morin, and D. Wilmart.

Dom Wilmart's note on the *Nouveaux Feuilles Toulousains de l'Ecclesiastique* (1921, Rev. Bén. 33, pp. 110-123) will titillate the precisian tastes of palaeographers, in that it uncovers two "feuilles" of *Ecclesiasticus*,—in Visigothic script,—which were used as mere flyleaves on an old, insignificant manuscript at Toulouse. The "feuilles" date from the IX century, and Dom Wilmart shows that the fragments are a revision of the Vulgate according to the Greek Text.

In his "Notes on Biblical Philology" in the *Revue Biblique* (XXX, 1921, pp. 400-408) Dom DeBruyne advocates a return to the word *chasma* (St. Luke, XVI, 26), a transliterated form of the same word as it appears in the Greek original. Doubtless the primitive Latin Version used the word *chasm* and not, as we find in the Vulgate of the present day, *chaos*.

Dom Ingold has written the life of Baron de Géramb, General and Chamberlain to a former Austrian Emperor. The Baron entered the Trappist Order in 1816 as a lay brother at the monastery of Port-du-Salut, and later became Procurator-General of the Order with the title of Abbot—a dignity created for him by Pope Gregory XVI. The reviewer of the book in the *Caldey Pax* evinces the desire that the book be made accessible to English readers by reason of the interest attaching to so eccentric and diversified character as Brother Marie Joseph, as the Baron was known in the cloister. A few infelicities of circumstance, couched in the pleasing style of the raconteur, make de Géramb's life strikingly antithetic. His bizarre expressions on political subjects, his departure from the cloister and subsequent return, present no mean theme to the biographer. Though the Baron was an habitué of fashionable drawing-rooms, his live personality, conversational abilities, and musical attainments made him one of society's favorites. The equipoise, however, is the more striking in that he practised all the austerities characteristic of his Order—superadding in marked degree private rigors that make of him one of the oddest characters of the last century. He died at Rome in 1848.

Unspeakable Distress

(Continued from page 292)

prayer, so long were they victorious in prayer, and so long as our readers continue to send us alms for the sufferers, so long shall we be able to give them some relief. The need is pressing; do not delay.

The Janitor's Perplexity

(Continued from page 294)

to the Holy Eucharist, and especially to Holy Communion. Yes, by virtue of her maternal power she invites the whole world to the sacred table, saying in the words of the Scriptures: 'Come eat my bread and drink the wine which I have mingled for you.'—Prov. 9:5.

Catholic Students' Mission Crusade

(Continued from page 308)

Think what it would mean if every Catholic institution in this country were praying daily for the conversion of pagan countries and helping the missionaries in whatever manner they could. What a source of great joy would it not be for the youth of America to build a seminary in a pagan country.

Let us then, Crusaders, do a few of the things which we promised in the Dayton convention to "Achieve" and "Spread Mission Literature." We will not put up the old cry that we have not the time. Remember that the Lord is not outdone in generosity and a few moments given for His work will not be forgotten and our

other work will be blessed and more successful. With the poet we will all say, "Let us 'all' be up and doing with a heart for any fate, still achieving, still pursuing, let us learn to labor and to wait"—in prayer.

O Jesus, my love, in memory of the sacrifice which Thou madest of Thyself on the cross and which Thou makest now in the Blessed Sacrament, I beseech Thee to accept my own, my whole being immolated and sacrificed to Thy adorable designs and will.—St. Mary Magdalen.

Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament warms our souls with His holy love, drives away the (cold of) evil habits and venial sins, changes our soul into Himself, and out of love makes another God out of it.—Scaramelli.

He That Overcometh

LUCY LINCOLN MONTGOMERY

When, by stress of passion driven,
Through long days and nights I've striven
To guide my soul aright
'Gainst besetting sins that haunt me,
'Gainst all evil schemes to daunt me,
When I wage unending fight,

Is it that I may gain a throne—
To have a new name graved in stone
That God and angels see?
Is hidden manna, raiment white,
To have o'er nations power and might
My meed of victory?

When in the petty chafe and fret
That constantly my days beset,
And try my harassed soul,
Is it to wear a diadem
Within the New Jerusalem—
To be a pillar at the door
Of God's own temple evermore
That spurs me to control?

Not so I read. The inspired word
That John in exiled Patmos heard,
Words from Heaven the Spirit saith
To the soul that overcometh,
Are but emblems of the real,
Symbols of the great ideal;
And with holy confidence
Thus I read their mystic sense:

Of the conquest in the strife
On the battle field of life,
This the purport, this the sum:
That my soul to my soul may say,
Before my God, as I kneel to pray,
That I have overcome.



AGNES BROWN HERING

MY DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS:—February is with us once more and with 28 days this year. On the 2nd the Church celebrates the feast of the Purification of the Blessed Virgin Mary. The feast of St. Blase occurs on the 3rd. St. Blase was born in Sebaste, Armenia. In his youth he studied philosophy and medicine but did not forget to look after the salvation of his soul. He followed his divine Master in the beautiful virtues of meekness and humility and tried very hard to keep from the sinful ways of the world. He became Bishop of Sebaste. At that time Christians, especially bishops and priests, were cruelly persecuted. In order that his life might be spared to his people, he withdrew to a grotto and led a very penitential life. He was so holy and so good that the wild animals of the forest became his friends. They brought him food and came to him also to have their wounds healed.

A hunter who one day met St. Blase surrounded by these wild animals, reported to the Governor what he had seen. The Governor sent for St. Blase and when he returned with the officers the animals followed. The officers were terrified but St. Blase assured them they need have no fear and he ordered the animals to go their way.

While on the road many persons came to see the saint and ask his blessing. Among them was a woman whose child was suffering from the effects of having swallowed a fishbone which was lodged in its throat. She cried out, "Oh dearest Master, help my child or it will be strangled." The saint knelt down and prayed and blessed the child with the sign of the cross and immediately it was cured.

When St. Blase had reached the city, the governor ordered him to worship idols. He said he would worship no one but God. He was beaten with clubs. "No pain," he said "can separate me from my Jesus." He was tortured still more and finally beheaded.

The church venerates his memory on the 3rd. After Mass on that day the priest holding two burning candles touches with them the throats of the faithful while he says, "Through the intercession of St. Blase, may God preserve thee from every disease of the throat." It is a very ancient custom to invoke the blessing of St. Blase in all diseases of the throat.

PRAYER TO ST. BLAISE

O God, who dost gladden us with the yearly solemnity of St. Blase, Thy martyr and bishop, mercifully grant, that as we celebrate His birthday to immortality, so we may also rejoice in his protection. Through Christ our Lord. Amen.

On the 17th of February the Church celebrates the Flight of the Child Jesus into Egypt. If you care to look it up, you may find the story of the flight in the second chapter of the Gospel written by St. Matthew. The following are the details that he gives:

After the Wise Men had gone away without telling Herod where to find the Child Jesus, an angel of the Lord appeared to St. Joseph in sleep, saying, "Arise and take the Child and His Mother and fly into Egypt: and be there until I shall tell thee. For it will come to pass

that Herod will seek the Child to destroy Him." So Joseph arose and took the Child and His Mother by night and retired into Egypt. Then Herod, seeing that the Wise Men did not return, was very angry; and sending killed all the men-children that were in Bethlehem from two years and under. But when Herod was dead, the angel came to Joseph, in Egypt, saying, "Arise and take the child and His Mother and go into the land of Israel. For they are dead that sought the life of the child." So Joseph and Mary and Jesus came back to their home in the land of Israel. And coming they dwelt in Nazareth. Here, as St. Luke says, "the Child grew and waxed strong, full of wisdom; and the grace of God was in him."

Lent begins this year on March the first. Lent is a season of penance, the time for practicing little acts of mortification and self-denial by avoiding wordly pleasures and amusements; giving to the missions and other good works the money that you might have spent for candy, gum, the movies, and the like; practicing greater charity and kindness to brothers, sisters, parents, and others. But above all else let your prayers be more frequent and more earnest and receive Holy Communion as often as you may, every day if possible. The Church does not require fasting before the age of 21, but the good works just mentioned can be practiced by all with great fruit for their souls. Those who are not in good health can gain great merit by bearing their illness and infirmities with patience. Our Savior's forty-day fast, His bitter passion and cruel death, all of which He suffered out of love for you, should spur you on to sanctify the forty days of Lent with prayer and good works. Make up your mind now to do something to show your love for Him.

The Secret of Success

One day in huckleberry-time, when little Johnny Flails And half-a-dozen other boys were starting with their pails

To gather berries, Johnny's pa, in talking with him, said

That he could tell him how to pick so he'd come out ahead.

"First find your bush," said Johnny's pa, "and then stick to it till

You've picked it clean. Let those go chasing all about who will

In search of better bushes; but it's picking tells, my son—

To look at fifty bushes doesn't count like picking one."

And Johnny did as he was told; and, sure enough, he found,

By sticking to his bush while all the others chased around

In search of better picking, 'twas as his father said; For while the others looked, he worked, and so came out ahead.

And Johnny recollected this when he became a man;

And first of all he laid him out a well-determined plan; So, while the brilliant triflers failed with all their brains and push, Wise, steady-going Johnny won by "sticking to his bush."

—St. Nicholas.

Rescued

(Rosemary)

In one of the quiet pastoral valleys of a far western country there lived many hundreds of years ago an aged shepherd and his wife. They had had many children but their youngest child, a little son, was the only one that was spared to them.

Though poor they were very good and therefore very very happy. The father was obliged to work hard in order to earn a livelihood for his family but because he loved his wife and son so much he found labor a joy rather than a trial.

All day while the shepherd tended his little flock in the valley and on the hillside his wife was busy in the homely duties of her household, often singing to herself as she worked. Tenderly, devotedly, she cared for their child prepared their simple meals and kept the tiny hut, which was their home, in perfect order.

Their little child was their greatest earthly love and happiness. Often when the sheep had been safely gathered in the rude sheepcot, and the work of the day was done, they would sit side by side at the door of their house watching with pride and pleasure the lingering sunbeams dance through their darling's golden curls; often when the sun had set behind the distant hills and in the lovely Orient sky the afterglow was fading into softest purple, they knelt together with folded hands and bowed heads in thanksgiving to the God of their fathers for having guarded them so tenderly and given to them as His most precious earthly gift the sweet one sleeping in his mother's arms.

Often when the shadows of the winter evening deepened around them, the shepherd and his wife thought of the future and thanked God for having given them a son who would be the comfort and support of their old age.

With the passing years the shepherd's step had grown slower, his form feebler and more bowed, his long grey hair white under the rough cap. Often the mother, as she watched her husband coming slowly home at night, wearied and spent by his long day of toil, felt a strange shadow hover over and dim for a moment the brightness of their happy home. Then a vision would unfold before her—the beautiful vision of a child toddling to meet his father and welcome him to that beautiful haven of peace and rest—home. Through the tender years she saw two plump little arms clasping the father's knees, a lovely child face uplifted, two sweet, rosy, baby lips inviting the first kiss, and a weight seemed to be lifted from her heart, smiles chased away the gathering tears, the hovering shadow was forgotten.

Three winters with their icy winds and hoar frost had passed harshly over the shepherd's cot and scarcely aided the work of time or the great rocks that had stood for ages here and there on the hillside. Three summers with their sunshine and cloudless skies, their breezes perfumed by sea and flowers, had deepened the golden hue of little Benjamin's curls and coaxed even more dimples into his brown chubby hands and rosy cheeks. The child's fourth birthday was drawing near.

One day when the wind was blowing the brown withered leaves like lost butterflies over the pathways and the sun was trying to peep through the grey clouds that he might brighten the sombre pastures and har-

vest fields, the bleak hillsides and the far-off troubled sea, the father took Benjamin, as it had for some time been his custom to do, with him to the distant pastures in a hollow sheltered by encircling hills. There while the shepherd was watching his flocks, the child stayed with some ewes that with their lambs were grazing a little apart from the rest of the flock near a thicket where he played contentedly with the gentle little creatures so like himself.

The flock was browsing quietly. The sheltering hills like tireless sentinels rising on all sides shut out the rough sea wind and only a mild mountain breeze rustled the dried leaves on their brown branches. A sense of peace and security so deep and so perfect that it seemed to infold and pervade both nature and man stole over the man and the slightly released his vigilance.

Silently, unseen, a dark grey form emerged from a cave, whose mouth the copse had concealed, glided swiftly through the bushes with a rapid bound, reached the defenceless, unsuspecting group of frolicsome playfellows and in an instant was gone.

The shepherd heard a little cry, a terrified bleating, saw a dark form vanishing like a flash through the low trees, and rushed to the spot. Suddenly his heart ceased beating, his limbs gave way beneath him and he sank down against the leaning trunk of an old tree; the lambs were safe but the child was gone.

Let us mercifully pass over the hours that followed—the distress, the horror, the anguish, the distracted fruitless searching anywhere, everywhere, the prostrating sense of utter impotence which a great and sudden sorrow inevitably brings, the death of hope, the dark agony of despair.

The suddenness of the wolf's onslaught, the shock of finding himself seized by those terrible fangs and carried like a bird in the jaws of a cat, swiftly through the underbrush into its dark cave, deprived the poor child of power to make either sound or struggle, and, after the first sharp, involuntary little cry of terror, he was passive and mute in the grip of his captor.

The cavern communicated with a gorge on the other side of the rocky hill. A mountain stream had once flowed through this ravine and now its dry bed shaded by thick tangled undergrowth and overreached by the interlacing branches of the trees furnished the wolf with an easy means of evading all immediate observation and pursuit.

The wolf, unwearied, raced on with his little burden secure in a mountain fastness far away beyond the hollows and the brown rolling hills.

The afternoon had waned and the mists of evening were sinking low from the darkening sky over the landscape when a band of youths, descending a steep pathway winding down from the brow of a rocky eminence, saw in the hollow below a strange sight. It was a giant wolf carrying in his jaws a little child.

But a sight more marvelous far than that engaged their attention, held them spellbound. The wolf, as soon as he had perceived them, quickened his rapid pace and was bounding away in the opposite direction when one of their number stepped forward and uttered a brief word of command. The animal stopped, turned abruptly toward the speaker, gazed at him for a moment as a dog watches his master and waits eagerly, devotedly for his orders, then coming quickly toward him laid the limp form at his feet.

The animal bounded away and vanished over the brow of the hill. The young man stooped and took the unconscious child in his arms. His gentle touch seemed to revive the little one. Two large soft brown eyes opened wide in surprise and bewilderment and then as the remembrance of the terrible dream came back,

filled with tears. A sob shook the tiny form. From the trembling lips like the unfolding petals of a rosebud, the cry, "Mother," was about to burst when his deliverer's hand was laid caressingly on the little head, a few words that the others did not understand were whispered in his ear. Instantly two little soft clinging arms stole around the stranger's neck, dimples chased each other on the round briar-scratched cheeks, the pale tear-stained face was wreathed in smiles which even the mother's endearments had never called forth, in the lovely innocent eyes through which the tears shone was a new light such as the awe-struck onlookers had not seen before, a light more beautiful than that of the sun glistening on dewdrops in a lily chalice when the day has dawned. A moment more the transfigured face of the child was uplifted to the countenance of the young man, a moment more that light shone in the childish eyes as if reflecting a light in the eyes above, then the little head drooped, sank upon his breast, the tangled golden curls mingled with the long locks of chestnut hue and the child was fast asleep.

At the close of the second day after their terrible misfortune, the parents were sitting weeping outside the door of their home over which a shadow had indeed fallen. Some shepherds of the hill-country, poor like themselves, had searched through the long night and the day with them for their lost child, had guarded and cared for their abandoned flocks, had brought them back when the night was coming again.

The evening shadows were closing in and the frost flakes were falling softly about them. The faint moaning of the sea, borne from afar on the night wind, sounded like the wailing of despair and longing of their broken hearts.

The shadows deepened, the frost flakes fell faster around them, the long low moaning of the sea sounded nearer, more mournful, in it a deep impassioned note of anguish and regret.

They did not see a tall figure with a bundle in his arms coming through the mists across the moorlands, they did not hear a step upon the rocky pathway, but the mother stretching out her aching arms with a cry of yearning and entreaty felt a warm soft bundle suddenly placed in them, a little head but half awakened from happy dreams sank upon her bosom, a warm moist hand touched her face, a sleepy little voice whose loved accents she had thought never to hear again, murmured, "Mother," in her ear.

In a transport of joy she clasped her darling convulsively to her breast and sank upon her knees in a burst of uncontrollable weeping. The shepherd, too deeply moved to speak, clasped his wife and their recovered treasure in his arms. For a long time there was no sound save the parents' deep sobbing.

When they were calmer they raised their tearful eyes and saw standing quietly before them in the deepening twilight a young man whom they had often seen and spoken to in the little village not far away. Gravely, with infinite tenderness and understanding, he explained to them when and how he had found the lost child. With a joy and gratitude that found expression only in tears, they kissed his hands and prayed for a long time. Then raising their eyes with awe and an unspoken question in their depths to the gracious and beautiful face of the young stranger they were about to speak to him but he was gone.

The aged man and his wife turned towards each other with streaming eyes. They understood.

Rime for Little Girls

Little Miss Hurry,
All bustle and flurry,
Comes down to breakfast ten minutes too late;

Her hair is a-rumple,
Her gown is a-crumple,
She'd no time to button and hook herself straight.

She hunts and she rushes
For needles and brushes,
For books and pencils flies upstairs and down;
If ever you find her
Just follow behind her
A trail of shoe buttons and shreds of her gown.

But little Miss Steady
By school-time is ready,
All smiling and shining, and neat in her place,
With no need to worry,
She pities Miss Hurry,
Who but yesterday sat here with shame on her face.

Her heart beating lightly,
Her duty done brightly,
She vows she will never again change her name;
For though you'd not guess it,
I'm bound to confess it—
These two little maidens are one and the same.

—Anon.

Letter Box

Boys and Girls, why do we not hear from you oftener? Are you getting tired of the LETTER BOX? We hope not. Possibly you are so busy that you keep putting off your letters till a more convenient time. We hope we shall receive a whole mail sack full right soon. Send your letters to Agnes Brown Hering, Royal, Nebraska.

A "Little Friend" from Washington, D. C., writes a letter and sends a poem but she did not know about our rules, perhaps, and used lead pencil. Come again, my dear, but use a pen, please.

Mary M. Brock, writes from 55 Battle St., Orange, Mass., that she thinks "The Grail" a lovely magazine." She lives in a Protestant town and wishes to correspond with some of the readers. Who will write?

Emmaline May, Chicago, writes that she enjoys the "Corner" very much and would like to become acquainted with the readers.

442 West "H" Str., Belleville, Ill.
Dear Corner Readers:—Who are you? you will say when you see this. Well, I am a new reader and an enthusiast of "The Grail." I took an instant liking to the "Children's Corner" but I see with regret that the letters are mostly from the girls. Now, Boys, why don't you write and help to make the "Corner" still more interesting. No, Boys, I am no "sissy" but a full-fledged American Catholic boy.

I play baseball, football, and any game which a normal healthy boy can play. I would welcome a personal correspondence with any one who happens to read this. I am 13 years old and in the 8th grade.

I remain your new friend,
Adolph E. Fiedler.

Glad to hear from you, Adolph. Come again.

We have received several nice photos and letters from Sr. Philippine Treumund, from Natal, Centocow, P. O. Braecroft, South Africa. We regret that the photos are hardly clear enough to make good "cuts" to print from. Here are three of the letters:

Dear Aunt Agnes, I heard that you love the children

of Africa, and therefore I am very glad because I am your child I shall always pray for you. I heard that you are still getting on well. I hope you have seen our Sister Engleberta's photo. She is very kind. We children in our school, Maria Loreto, pray each day for our good benefactors. We love St. Joseph very much and pray to him every day. I am sending you his nice Photo. With kind regards to you and all your nephews and nieces, I am your loving niece,

Annie Mary Zulu.

Centocow, 1921.

My dear Aunt Agnes, I like to tell you that on Whit Sunday I had the very great grace to receive my first Holy Communion. Oh, I was so glad on that day. It was so sweet. There were many people young and old who received first Holy Communion on that day. I am an orphan. My parents are dead and I stay always with the dear Sister. Her name is Sr. Domitilla. She is very kind to me and gives me all I want. I was a poor homeless little girl. Last year my dear Grandmother, too, died. But now I found a sweet home on the Mission Station Centocow. On Monday we go from Centocow to our school and on Friday afternoon we return again. Our school is high up on a big mountain. Its name is Illabeni School. We have also a very pretty assistant native teacher. Her name is Veronica Mseleku. She is very kind to the children. I learn not very hard. I am in Std. 1. I am not stupid but some lessons are stupid. I am sorry because I do not know more to write. I will pray for you. I remain your loving grateful girl.

Maria Franziska Engleberta Sosibo.

Centocow, Africa.

Dear Aunt Agnes, I am very glad if you are quite well. I will send you my last photo. Look, here it is. Please send me a nice prayer book. I will pray for you every day. With kind regards to the nephews and nieces, I remain, Your loving nephew, Little Jonnie.

I like to be a priest, Pray for me.

We hope that Little Jonnie may one day see his desire to become a priest realized. All our nieces and nephews will surely pray for him that he may some day work among his own people as a priest. The Holy Father has urged that a native clergy be trained in foreign lands. Ask God to call many of these young men and women to His special service.

Do you know Father Thomas, an American priest on the South African missions, is here in the United States trying to get boys to study for the priesthood for the missions in South Africa? His address is Rev. Fr. M. Thomas, R. M. M., 5123 Commonwealth Ave., Detroit, Mich. You will probably be interested to know that he comes from the country where Little Jonnie lives and that he knows Sister Philippine very well. Perhaps some of you have attended his beautiful illustrated lectures on the missions in South Africa and the good work that is being done there. If any of you get to meet Father Thomas tell him that you know Sister Philippine through reading THE GRAIL.

We should like to add to these remarks that in December the Students' Mission Crusade forwarded by mail to Sister Philippine the things that Our Boys and Girls had sent us for the Zulu children. There were eleven packages of eleven pounds each. The postage was twelve cents for each pound. Besides this we sent a check of \$35.00, money that had been given for this mission. As it is a long, long way to South Africa, which lies at the foot of the earth on the other side of the world, it may be some months before we can report whether the things reached their destination or not.

Columbus, Ohio.

Dearest Cornerites:—A cheerful "Howdy" to you all. Seems as though I am welcome to the "Corner." Thanks, indeed! And you may keep the change: Stop! Look! Listen! It's about an accident I had:

A little over two months ago, while roller skating near the Academy I attend, I fell, and broke my left leg, and the little finger of my left hand. Too bad, you say? I think the same. "It's a great wonder she didn't break her neck" was a remark made about me. Well, it was a good thing I didn't break my neck. Always something to be thankful for, eh? I was in the hospital more than three weeks. It was dreadfully lonesome and the suffering I endured during the second week there was so intense that if it had not been for good interesting books with which I was supplied while there I scarcely see how I could have endured it. By the way, wonder how long it has been since Gypsy Sue wrote last. Oh, it's been five whole months as near as I can tell. Get out your pen, Gypsy Sue, and get busy: You have been idle long enough. Glad Cherry Browne wrote last time. Her letters are so interesting. I don't study Spanish. Haven't any room for it now. This my Junior year in High is a very busy one. I study Latin and French. A little more new friends. I was fifteen at Thanksgiving time. Thanking the kind editor for publishing my first letter to the "Corner" and trusting this one may also gain admittance, I am, Most affectionately, Peggy Playfair. (Please do not forget the little prayer for my father.)

Write again, Peggy. We like your style.

Brooklyn, New York.

Dear Agnes Brown Hering,

May I please come in? I have been waiting outside for some time trying to pluck up courage to ask admission to your "Corner." I have been reading the girls' letters each month and at last I could not resist the temptation to test my literary talents. I fully sympathize with Gypsy Sue that girls of similar tastes cannot become acquainted. I think, however, that the "Grail" has done much to bring girls together. I have become acquainted with a certain girl through the "Grail." I've let my name slip to one of your readers.

I am sixteen and in the fourth year in a Catholic school in this city. I like to read and looking forward eagerly to Cherry Browne's composition on "The Hound of Heaven." I am always ready for fun and have not quite outgrown my fondness for playing ball.

Now isn't this too long for a novice? If it is, I promise to take up less space next time. Yours sincerely, Theresa Marie Miles.

Please come to the "Corner" often. Can't you send us some of your literary reviews for publication?

Zanesville, Ohio.

Dear Corner:—Howdy Everybody! You don't know who I am? Well, I am a High School girl of fourteen and, like Peggy Playfair, live in the state of Ohio but in the city of Zanesville. I read the "Grail" and think it is very interesting especially the letter box. I like the letters of Gypsy Sue, Geraldine Payne, Peggy Playfair and Cherry Browne. I would like to correspond with the girls. Miss Hering, your explanation of the "Vision of Sir Launfal" is very interesting. I studied it at school a few months ago and I had to write an explanation of the poem. I am taking a two years course in Latin but I am sorry it is not Spanish or I would correspond with Cherry Browne. I have said several prayers for your father, Peggy, and I hope he recovers from his illness.

Hoping to hear from some of you soon, with love and best wishes to all.

Your new friend, Evelyn Norwich.

Glad to know you, Ethel. Come again.

Red Wing from Wausau, Wisconsin, and Alvina and Hilda Fortman from Ft. Laramie, Ohio, are new writers seeking admission to the "Letter Box." Come again, please, and come with pen and ink.

Aemilia and Cecilia Fischer, of Appleton, Wisconsin, wish to correspond with some of the readers. Amelia has just been studying the "Vision of Sir Launfal" and likes it.

Write a longer letter next time, girls.

WANTED for the "Children's Corner," Original reviews of poems, books and literary masterpieces which the boys and girls have studied in school. Address all your communications to Agnes Brown Hering, Royal, Nebraska.

Children's Cute Sayings

(Contributed)

"Billy," asked Father Robert, who was preparing the children for Holy Communion, "suppose you swallowed ten yards of rope. Could you go to Holy Communion?"
"Please, Father, I don't think my stomach would hold that much."

James was wrapped in study. Suddenly he exclaimed: "Say, Mamma, is it true that God can see everything?"
"Yes, Dear, everything."

"But, Mamma, suppose you were inside of a house, could He see you?"

"Yes. Nothing hides us from His sight."

"Gee, Mamma, I wish I was God."

Mother (shocked) "Why—James!"

"Well, then I could see all the picture shows for nothing."

The children were preparing for their First Communion. In the class there was a little boy who had just lately moved into the parish. Sister told him to ask his mother for his baptismal record.

When he came to school the next day in tears, Sister asked: "Why, Joseph, what is the matter?"

"O Sister, my mamma ca-n't prove that I was born."

"Exchange" Smiles

The following little story which comes from Council Bluffs, Iowa, is true:

Little Johnnie, a child of three, is very much interested in the statue of the Blessed Virgin on her altar in the church. He has a small one like it at home and one day he came carrying it to his mother saying: "Mother, feed it so it will grow big like the one at church."

Little Raymond returned home from Sunday school in a very joyous mood. "Oh, mother," he exclaimed as he entered the house, "the superintendent said something awfully nice about me in his prayer this morning!"

"Isn't that lovely! What did he say, pet?" questioned the mother.

"He said, 'O Lord, we thank thee for our food and Raymond'" (rariant).

Abbey and Seminary

—Many of our alumni and other friends will have heard ere this that the prospective improved highway to St. Meinrad is soon to be a matter of fact. In the November Chronicle we reported that the County Commissioners of Spencer County had passed favorably on our petition for an improved highway between St. Meinrad and Dale. Now comes the good news that the State Highway Commissioners, at their meeting shortly after the holidays, had granted us a state highway that will give us an outlet to Louisville on the east and to Evansville on the west. Work is to commence in April of this year. One crew will begin at St. Meinrad, working west towards Lincoln City, while the other will work west from Leavenworth, which is already connected with New Albany by state highway number 16. The new highway will pass through Lincoln City, where Abraham Lincoln's mother, Nancy Hanks, lies at rest in a beautiful park to the south of the village. The highway will continue thence to Gentryville, where it connects with the Market Highway now building from Evansville to French Lick and the cities to the north and east. Some five or six miles west of St. Meinrad the highway will deviate to the south off the present Dale-St. Meinrad road. From the point of deviation, however, to Dale, which lies on the Market Highway, Spencer County has agreed to construct an improved highway. The building of only the intervening gap between the state highway and Dale will make the expense to the County considerably less than if it had to carry out the original plan. The state highway, which will be 28 feet wide, will be faced with gravel and rock, which will give it a more satisfactory surface than limestone. As under normal conditions only about five miles of road can be constructed by a crew in a year, two or three years will necessarily elapse before the entire road is completed. Nevertheless we call upon our friends to rejoice with us that the attainment of our hopes is so near at hand.

—Rev. John P. Harden, C. S. P., who is laboring on the Tennessee missions, made his retreat at the Abbey during the first week of December.

—Thomas Augustine Dwyer, who has traveled all over Europe and lived a number of years in Rome, gave us an illustrated lecture on the Holy City with which he is so familiar. He also gave us a lecture on the Holy Land in which he spent a year. The series closed with two readings from Shakespeare. Few Shakespearean lecturers have had the rare privilege, accorded to Mr. Dwyer, of reading "Julius Caesar" at Rome on the very spot where the tragedy occurred.

—Rev. August Fussenegger, class of '18, came from Indianapolis on December 13 for the funeral of a relative, Mr. Jacob Widmer, an old resident who died at the age of 87.

—Rev. Father Thomas, R. M. M., who has established a hostel at Detroit for the training of candidates to the priesthood for the African missions, was here on December 14 to deliver before the Mission Crusade his illustrated lecture on the South African missions. The beautifully colored slides show the wonderful progress that the mission society, of which he is a member, has made during its forty years among the natives. The

slides also revealed some of the dangers that have to be encountered by the missionary, especially from large venomous serpents. Father Thomas is an American citizen. Before going to the African missions, he made his preparatory studies at St. Joseph's College, Rensselaer, Ind.

—Because of the mission in the early autumn the Forty Hours' Devotion in the Abbey Church was postponed till December 16, 17, 18. The devotion was well attended by the parishioners during the three days. The community and the seminarians, however, watched day and night in adoration before the Blessed Sacrament.

—The Christmas holidays opened on December 22 and closed on January 6.

—Fathers Aemilian, Norbert, Ildephonse, and Maurus came home from Jasper College to spend the holidays with the "old folks."

—The ancient, yet ever new and rejuvenating feast of Christmas passed *more solito*—according to accepted custom. At 1:30 a. m. enchanting "angel" voices were heard in the silent hallways intoning their soul-stirring "Gloria in excelsis Deo." At 2 a. m. the monks chanted Matins. Then followed the singing of the "Te Deum" and the first Solemn High Mass shortly after three o'clock. Solemn Lauds followed, immediately after which the priests offered up their three Christmas Masses in succession. The second Solemn High Mass was celebrated about 7:30. At 9 o'clock there was Pontifical High Mass with a sermon in English by the pastor.—Beautiful "cribs" in the church and in the clerics' study hall remind us of the wonderful mystery of God's great love for us.—Owing to the flooded condition of the Anderson valley, a number of people on the east side, who live within sight and sound of steeple and bell, could not attend Mass.

—During the holidays the tonsure and the four minor orders were conferred at the Cathedral by Bishop Chartrand on Mr. Peter Illigen, of the seminary, also on the clerics Raymond Egler and James Erickson, both of St. Joseph's Abbey, St. Benedict, La., who are pursuing their theology at our seminary. On December 30th the two latter, together with our clerics, James Reed and Peter Behrman, received the subdiaconate. On the following day three of the newly ordained were promoted to the diaconate, the fourth, Fr. James Erickson, will receive deaconship later.

—During the last days of the old year Fr. Gregory Kunkel was at Louisville to have his tonsils removed.

—Mr. and Mrs. Ed Dux came down from Indianapolis to spend New Year's Day with their son Leo, who is in the novitiate.

—Fr. Raymond was privileged to serve as deacon for the first time on New Year's Day at Ferdinand, his home town. He was assisted by the new subdeacon; the other two deacons assisted at Solemn High Mass in the Abbey Church.

—On January 6th we were delighted to have F. Hilary DeJean, O. S. B., in our midst again after an extended absence of ten months during which time he underwent two serious operations. He is greatly improved in health and we hope that a robust nature will soon completely throw off the remaining defects.

—Rev John Heuberger, class of '97, for the past ten years chaplain of St. John's Hospital, has been appointed pastor pro tem. of Holy Family Church, Eudora, Kan.

—On December 17, John F. McBarron, '11-'17, who was elevated to the rank of subdeacon in September, received the order of deacon from his Rt. Rev. Ordinary, Bishop Morris, at St. John's Seminary, Little Rock, Arkansas.

—Raymond Harbaugh, College '13-'18, was one of the class that received the minor orders of ostiary and lector at Milwaukee on December 17.

New Books

THE ART OF MAKING ALTAR LACES is a thirty-two page booklet published by *Our Sunday Visitor*, Huntington, Indiana, for women who are handy with the crochet needle and who desire to make lace borders for altar cloths, corporals, and other linens used at the altar. Numerous illustrations showing designs of the finished border are followed by directions for making it. Directions are also given for cutting linen in proper lengths for corporals, purificators, amices, and other cloths, together with instructions how to fold when made and laundered. "The Art of Making Altar Linens" is well worth the twenty-five cents that it costs.

WORK WEALTH AND WAGES. By Joseph Husslein, S. J., Ph. D. Matre & Co., 76-78 Lake St., Chicago. \$1.00 postpaid. X & 159 pages.

This present volume gathers into brief compass the vital conclusions to be arrived at on the great issues of the social question with which everyone must become acquainted. Thus the question of socialism, on which Father Husslein has for the past decade been acknowledged a foremost authority, is viewed from the amplest variety of aspects. But of even greater value are the interesting discussions on such topics as wages, strikes, woman labor, trade unions, closed shop, unemployment, capitalism, proletarian dictatorship, and similar live issues of the hour. Especially illuminating are his many references to the medieval guilds and the modern applications made of the principles drawn from them. Moreover, it offers to social leaders in general, and to priests in particular, valuable suggestions on the ideals of Christian charity or on what Ozanam, the great advocate of the poor, calls "scientific charity" of our day. The student, too, of moral philosophy will find in this volume a correct application of the principles of sound ethics to present social conditions. It is a needed corrective for the false thought current today and an inspiration for all Christian activity. Anyone can read its fifty chapters with pleasure and profit. P.

"Field Afar Stories," Volume III, prepared and edited by "The Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America," Maryknoll, Ossining, N. Y., is a book of 148 pages that sells for \$1.00 postpaid. The wholesome mission stories contained in this neat little volume, with its numerous illustrations from the "field afar," will furnish entertainment and pleasure to all who read it.

"The Parable Book," Our Divine Lord's Own Stories, retold for you by children, a book of 230 pages, containing besides numerous smaller pictures thirty-seven full page illustrations from the masters, is just off the Extension Press, 180 North Wabash Avenue, Chicago. Price \$2.00.

The author of this charming Parable Book, whose name is not given, but the Sisters of Notre Dame de Namur hold the copyright, says in the Foreword to Parents: "I had in mind, not a class of children all of one age, but the children of a family, ranging from six to fifteen years—of an age with the several children of my story." Cleverly has the work been done and reverently have the Parables been interwoven with a story of home life. This is a delightful method of making the family—both young and old—familiar with Our Lord's Parables. This interesting book closes with little David's First Holy Communion. A footnote announces in preparation a companion volume that will continue the story of Michael and the Devera children who will take their readers along on their expeditions through Palestine as they narrate Our Divine Lord's Miracles.



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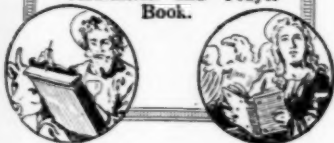
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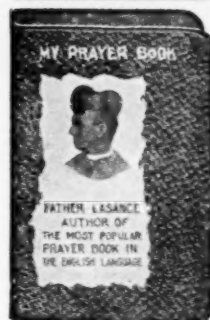


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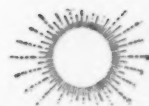
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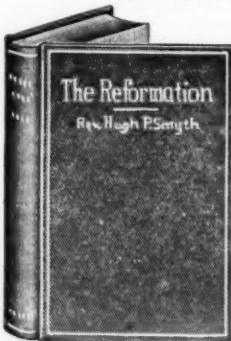
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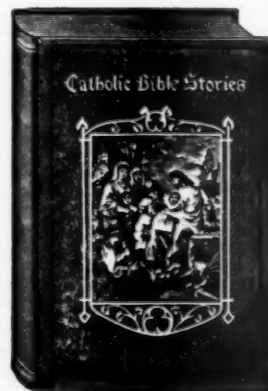
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